THE
# NATION

*JANUARY 11, 1958 . . 25c*

# LIFE in the CRYSTAL PALACE

## — Happiness and the Good Life in one of America's great corporations

*by Alan Harrington*

## PROGRESS in BIRTH CONTROL

*by Richard L. Meier*

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE COLLEGE
JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LETTERS

## The Vorpal Sword

*Dear Sirs*: A little knowledge can be a dangerous enough thing to cajole a good poet into some very silly writing. Kenneth Rexroth suffered three days' traumata at the ferocious hands of the University of California's clinical psychologists. He forthwith (Vivisection of a Poet, your issue of December 14, 1957) takes his vorpal sword in hand, and, one, two! one, two! and snicker-snack. Also, galumph, galumph. Ernest Jones is a "badly self-deluded thaumaturgist"; certain probings were inspired "entirely by the dubious occultism of the Swiss mahatma" (Jung). It is all so much "unvarnished hokum."

One does not have to be a psychologist to grasp what happened to Mr. Rexroth. He went through an experience which irritated him, and he is striking back excitedly, tempestuously. This is temperament, something we are accustomed to in poets, painters, musicians and other artists. It is the fire behind their creativity. However, too frequently the price of intensity is that it is lived at the expense of breadth. At the same time, the unequivocal fact is that this way of knowing has generated some of the world's profoundest truths.

The other way of knowing is that of deliberate, painstaking gathering of empiric data, overtly observable behavior which can be counted and subjected to control. This way is at the opposite end of the spectrum from the artist's. Its first law is to eliminate the person as a factor in shaping or coloring its data. Laboring by this orientation, the psychologists are now applying to man himself some of the ingenious techniques which the scientists had hitherto reserved for algae, gases, the stars, paramecia. Since the most intelligent of animals is on the verge of atomizing himself and his planet, it may be a defensive expedient on his part, this turning of psychology. Perhaps he can, by focusing his scientific glass on himself, find out what makes him this way while he can still do something about it.

I cannot here take up Mr. Rexroth's several fallacies in detail. I must note, however, that his article will be a bracing shot in the arm to the anti-intellectualists, the very people he so caustically flays in his poem, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Speaking of his poetry, Mr. Rexroth holds one great advantage over us psychologists: the gift of so wording a message that it can be both beautiful and effective. Yet the same book, *In Defense of the Earth*, that contains "Marthe Away," one of the loveliest poems (if I may be permitted a judgment in a field not my own) that I have read of the recent poetry, also contains his "Portrait of the Author as a Young Anarchist." Here is Mr. Rexroth showing the world. He can be so horrid. He puts in his thumb, and pulls out a plum, and says, "What a bad boy am I!" Then he looks around for the admiring glances.

In conclusion, scientists are well aware of the validity, frequently, of the artist's way of knowing. They respect it. Mr. Rexroth is an honest man. Will he do as much for our way?

SAMUEL J. BECK
University of Chicago

*Chicago, Illinois*

## More on Mills

*Dear Sirs*: I read the C. Wright Mills article in your December 7 issue with interest and approval. One can disagree with some of his Fourteen Points, or with his tone sometimes, but there is no question that the core of his article is the most important issue now facing the world. It may be that the time is now ripe for a real attempt to work out these principles. If not, we might as well say goodby to everything else that we care about.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

*Harrison, New York*

## Nobel Laureates' Dinner

*Dear Sirs*: Lester B. Pearson, Nobel Peace Prize winner for 1957, will speak in New York on January 11 at the annual dinner and forum of the American Nobel Anniversary Committee. He will share the platform with Lord John Boyd-Orr, Nobel Peace Prize winner in 1949. The dinner, which will take place at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, is in honor of the Nobel laureates, several of whom will participate with Pearson and Boyd-Orr in a discussion of steps that might be taken to find a way out of the present missiles race and toward creation of a peaceful world of abundance. Call MUrray Hill 7-0480 for reservations.

A. G. MEZERIK
Chairman, Nobel Anniversary Committee

*New York City*

## Freedom in Canada

*Dear Sirs*: As one of your subscribers, I want to express my thanks for many happy and educational reading hours I find in *The Nation*. I am especially happy to say that I deeply enjoyed your article on Alger Hiss in your September 21 issue.

While we are often called "cousins" by many American politicians (poor cousins, say Canadian realists), we still know that our economic destinies are linked; we do not envy the political atmosphere in the United States even if we have to forego a slightly higher general standard of living. We generally feel that we prefer to have one TV less and be able to speak freely, without worrying about the FBI.

A. PAQUETTE

*Montreal, Quebec*

## In This Issue


EDITORIALS

21 ● 

ARTICLES

23 ● Life in the Crystal Palace
by ALAN HARRINGTON

27 ● Dallas: Another Little Rock?
by RONNIE DUGGER

29 ● Progress in Birth Control
by RICHARD L. MEIER

32 ● India's Communist State

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

34 ● The State of the Story
by WILLIAM BITTNER

35 ● Le Vièrge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui (poem)
by A. J. M. SMITH

36 ● The Misled Minds
by MICHAEL D. REAGAN

37 ● People Are No Good
by JACK JONES

38 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

39 ● Records
by LESTER TRIMBLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 40)
by FRANK W. LEWIS



**George G. Kirstein, Publisher**
**Carey McWilliams, Editor**
**Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor**
**Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts**

Harold Clurman, Theatre
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

**Staff Contributors:** W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Dan Wakefield, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

**The Nation, Jan. 11, 1958. Vol. 186, No. 2**

**The Nation,** published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1958, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

**Subscription Prices Domestic**—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

**Change of Address:** Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

**Information to Libraries: The Nation** is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1958*
*VOLUME 186, NUMBER 2*

THE NATION

# EDITORIALS

## The New Congress

The "mother of parliaments" has come under widespread and scathing attack in Britain. The London *Times* had some particularly harsh things to say: "The House of Commons today is a body with far too many little men. . . . The cheap gibes, the incessant accusations and counter-accusations, the desperate fighting over things that do not matter, which probably hides from the participants themselves their poverty of ideas about those issues that do matter, are all part of the same picture. . . ."

As our own Congress prepares to meet, the *Times's* outburst seems to strike uncomfortably near home. "This is a time for greatness," President Eisenhower told the recent NATO conference in Paris. Where is the promise of greatness under the Capitol dome? In Senator Eastland denouncing the personnel of the new Civil Rights Commission? In Senator Johnson arguing that the only way to catch up with the Russians is by abandoning the forty-hour week? In Senator Knowland accusing Democrats of responsibility for our missile lag? In Senator Symington hurling the charges back at the Republicans? In the Republican right-wing denouncing an already miserly housing program as "radical" and the Democratic left-wing denouncing the swollen defense budget as "conservative?" In Senator Russell arguing that the money for more and better missiles should come from a reduced foreign-aid program? Is there greatness in the spectacle of a "nonpartisanship" based not on a community of ideas, but on lack of them?

How far the Administration and Congress have strayed from reality may be gauged by the headlines reporting Washington reaction to the early stages of the NATO meeting. "Views of Allies Surprise Capital"; "Capital Depressed by Stand of Allies." What was there to be surprised about? Every American correspondent abroad was describing European unease at the armaments race; every American correspondent abroad knew that powerful sentiment existed everywhere in Europe for negotiations with the Russians. Is there greatness in a State Department, in an intelligence service, which can be scooped by a handful of newsmen?

If our key policy-makers are really so out of touch with reality, they are capable of even worse follies than they have already committed. The danger of the new Congress is not that it will be a "do nothing" Congress; it may, indeed, set a new record for wrongdoing. What is so tragic is that one small touch of "greatness" in the Capitol, one sign of leadership which promises escape from the catastrophe toward which the world is rushing, would win the instant and devoted loyalty of cold war-weary peoples of this continent and of all continents.

## Nice Round Figure

The President's advisers have come up with a nice round figure in proposing a billion-dollar four-year federal scholarship program. But the program is more likely to redistribute talented students who need assistance than to increase the number of such students actually enrolled in American colleges and universities. It is conceded that a very high percentage of the winners of merit scholarships sponsored by the Ford Foundation would have gone to college in any case. Winning a merit scholarship merely meant that they were able to attend a better, usually a more distant, institution than they might otherwise have attended. A talented student short of funds customarily enrolls in the nearest college or university, one to which he can commute if necessary. But if the President's program is adopted, the "blue ribbon" institutions, which make a fetish of achieving a national cross-section or balance in their enrollment, may be counted on to recruit scholarship winners with an eye to becoming still more representative, or national, in character. On the other hand, the fair-to-average student, living in Brookline, who planned to attend Harvard, may have to settle for his second or third preference.

Merit scholarship programs, moreover, ignore the problem of the hidden subsidy which is implicit in today's educational "pricing" policies. For example, the father who earns $100,000 annually sends his son to an institution that charges $1,200 for tuition, but the actual cost to the institution may be, and usually is, twice this sum. The difference represents a hidden subsidy, largely squeezed from faculty salaries, which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usually goes to the student who stands in least need of it. If the full cost of education were to be charged as a matter of uniform policy, then scholarships could be awarded on the basis of actual need and at the same time the present hidden subsidy could be removed. On both counts the President's program gives evidence of having been hastily improvised. Like most "crash" programs, it seems to be aimed primarily at crashing the front pages.

## Outlaw Sheriff

Sheriff Willis McCall, who six years ago shot two handcuffed Negro youths in his custody (see *The Nation,* November 24, 1951), is still running the law according to his own best judgment down in Lake County, Florida.

On December 18, Sheriff McCall seized Malcolm Hawkins, an eighteen-year-old Negro, "for investigation" in connection with the alleged rape of a white woman. McCall didn't say that Hawkins had done anything or knew anything; in fact he was so reticent about his motives for holding the boy incommunicado that Governor Collins asked for an explanation. The Governor got none; and when Circuit Judge Hall issued a writ demanding that the boy be produced in court, the sheriff's office courteously replied: "We are not ready to produce him yet."

However, on December 23, a mentally-retarded white boy, Jesse Daniels, confessed to the crime and Hawkins was let out the back door, still without an explanation.

Desegregation is a complex and painful issue for the South, but McCall should be an easy problem for Florida. He has nothing to do with "the race issue"; he is a policeman who confuses the law with his own primitive impulses and as such would be an anomoly in any social system. There is no reason for the people of Lake County to move "with all deliberate speed" in removing him—he should have been fired five years ago.

## Basic Research

Dr. Isidor I. Rabi, professor of physics at Columbia University and one of the nation's chief scientific advisers, told an alumni group last week that the facts of modern war have "just not penetrated"—not even the minds of heads of states. Science has stripped this country, he warned, of its traditional geographic shields: the oceans and the Northern Arctic wastes. The only defense against the long-range missile may be the H-bomb ("What fun we are going to have with these hydrogen bombs exploding overhead!"); and in the end, he made it plain, "we have to solve the problem of living together on this planet or we won't live." Dr. Rabi spoke extemporaneously, and after his address he remarked to those around him, "I'm glad I got that off my chest."

It is reassuring that educators, whose role in society is the object now of such urgent public reappraisal, are themselves reappraising their own responsibilities to that society. In the arena of civil liberties, the Association of American Law Schools recently censured Rutgers University for forcing the resignation of Professor Abraham Glasser, who had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee. And only a few days ago Professor John F. Cady of Ohio University, introducing a fellow professor, Owen Lattimore of Johns Hopkins, as a speaker before the American Historical Society, declared that Mr. Lattimore's reappearance before the association was "a portent of that happy day when devotion to historical truth takes precedence over political demagogy."

This, too, is a kind of basic research; and without it, no other kind is of any use.

## Life in Videotown

In 1948 the firm of Cunningham and Walsh set up a study of television viewing habits in a test community which they named "Videotown." The project now has finished its first decade of compiling statistics, and the good folks of Videotown have nearly reached "saturation" by the television set, with more than nine out of every ten families owning at least one set. And how has life changed for Videotowners? The researchers found that after high points in total viewing hours in 1956 and 1957, television is now reaching a "plateau" which levels off at an average of three hours and twenty-one minutes of watching per day (Monday through Friday) per viewer.

In the many fascinating facts of the television life of its Videotown, the Cunningham and Walsh report clears up several areas of myth and speculation. It has often been guessed that the fascination of television would "wear off" after a family had a set for a long period of time and viewing became less of a novelty. The research on Videotown finds, however, that "As in all earlier years, 1957 shows long-time fans using their sets more than newer owners."

The often-discussed effect of television on reading habits was clearly—and depressingly—spelled out in the Videotown research. The number of adults who read magazines on weekday evenings dropped a little more than 50 per cent in the first year of TV set ownership. In 1953 that downward trend stopped, and the next few years saw a gradual increase in magazine reading, but in 1957 the downward trend resumed and reached about the level of the early 1950s. This particular plateau is a low one indeed, and a discouraging level for the future of the minds of the men and women of Videotown. And Videotown, multiplied, is America.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# LIFE in the CRYSTAL PALACE . . *by Alan Harrington*

*In* The Nation *of August 17, 1957, novelist Harvey Swados described his experiences on an automobile assembly line. He called the article The Myth of the Happy Worker. Now another novelist, Alan Harrington—author of* The Revelations of Dr. Modesto*—displays the other side of the coin. He has found a line job among the brainworkers in one of America's largest corporations. Is the concept of the Happy Worker still a myth—even when he works in a Crystal Palace? You will draw your own conclusions.—The Editors.*

HAPPY FAMILIES are all alike, said Tolstoy. Whether this is true of great corporations I don't know, because I have belonged to only one. The company I have been with for the past three years is one of the world's largest, having some 34,000 employees in the United States and overseas. There are more than five hundred of us here at headquarters —and we are a happy family. I say this without sarcasm, not for the reason that I am in the public relations department, but because it is the truth. We are happy. We are also in many respects pretty much alike.

It is not that my company makes us behave in a certain way. That kind of thing is old hat. Most of our people tend to live and talk alike, and think along the same general lines, for the simple reason that we have it so good. Life is good, life is gentle. Barring a deep depression or war, we need never worry about money again. We will never have to go job-hunting again. We may get ahead at different speeds, and some will climb a bit higher than others, but whatever happens the future is as secure as it can be. And the test is not arduous. Unless we should escape back into your anxious world (where the competition is so hard and pitiless and your ego is constantly under attack) we will each enjoy a comfortable journey to what our house organ calls "green pastures," which is, of course, retirement.

"Is this sort of existence worth living?" you ask. I think that depends on who you are and also on the person you could become. There are two ways of looking at it: (*1*) If you are not going to set the world on fire anyway, it is better to spend your life in nice surroundings; (*2*) looking back, you *might* have had a more adventuresome time and struggled harder to make your mark in the world if the big company hadn't made things soft for you.

But it is all too easy to be glib in our disapproval of the Kindly Corporation. We are in the position of knocking the earthly paradise, and that cannot be done lightly. One must avoid becoming a liberal square. To be honest we should put aside the convenient clichés—that big business firms, for example, are by their very nature heartless, exploitive, enforcers of conformity, etc. We always assume that the other side is made up of bad fellows. How much more difficult and exasperating it is when they are good fellows!

I went into my new job with a poor spirit. I was suspicious of big companies, and swore that nobody was going to turn me into a robot. My situation was untenable anyway. I had just sold my first novel, a satire on conformity. In a year the grenade would go off, and of course they would fire me.

Most disconcerting in the early days was the gentleness of my new associates. Most public relations offices are filled with edgy, hustling people. Here there was such courtesy and regard for your comfort . . . it was unfair. When I arrived everyone turned and smiled, and they all came over to say how glad they were that I was with them. The boss took my arm and had me in for a long talk. "We want you to be happy here," he said earnestly. "Is there anything we can do? Please let us know." When you discover that the members of the big business team really care about you it is a shock to the nervous system. The odd-ball stands there, shifting his feet, not knowing what to do with his resentment.

I went through the orientation course, and completed all the forms, and saw that I was protected against everything. I had a momentary fearful sensation of being enfolded in the wings of the corporation and borne aloft. "How's everything going?" inquired one of the orientation boys, and I grunted at his civil question.

Now I was one of them, hunched gloomily over a typewriter amid smiling faces. With the exception of the manager and assistant manager, our public relations staff worked in one large room. We did our jobs in leisurely fashion with a carpet of non-glare fluorescent lighting above and a thick wall-to-wall carpet below. The usual office noises were hushed. Typewriters made a faint clack. Our mild jokes were lost in the air. It seemed to me a strange pressure chamber in which there was no pressure. This was a temporary arrangement. Next year the company was moving to a new office building in the suburbs, and it would be a fabulous place—a great office-palace on a hilltop surrounded by fields and woodlands. Everybody talked about the palace and what a marvelous headquarters it would be. Their enthusiasm bored me, and I thought: "Well, I'll never see it."

That was the beginning. Today I live in the city but commute in reverse to the suburbs, and every weekday I sit down to work in the country palace. It has been an interesting experience. Here, after three years, are a few impressions of the corporate life:

*THE corporation is decent.* Most of our men have deep, comfortable voices. You have stood beside them in slow elevators, and heard these vibrant tones of people whose throats are utterly relaxed. And why shouldn't they be relaxed? Once you join my company you can say goodby to anxious thoughts.

There is no getting around it—our working conditions are sensational. The lower and middle echelons arrive at nine and, except in very rare instances, go home at quarter-to-five. Many of the higher executives work longer and harder,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

according to their inclinations, but seldom in response to an emergency. Rather it is fun for them.

This is a company whose products move easily in great packages across the country. Demand is constant and growing. The supply is adjusted from time to time in order to keep prices at a reasonable level. The savage, messianic executive of the type described in Rod Serling's *Patterns* would find himself out of place here. In fact, he would be embarrassing. In the unlikely event of his coming with us, I am sure that the moment he started shouting at anybody he would be taken aside and admonished in a nice way. Nor is there any business about: "Let's run it up to the top of the flagpole and see if anybody salutes." Such talk would be considered rather juvenile.

A full recital of our employee benefits would (and does, in the indoctrination period) take all day, but here are just a few of them. We have a fine pension fund, a fantastically inexpensive medical program for you and your family, and a low-premium life insurance policy for double your salary. The company will invest 5 per cent of your pay in blue-chip stocks and contribute on your behalf another 3 per cent. The company picks up half your luncheon check. When we moved to the suburbs the company paid its employees' moving expenses and helped them settle in new homes. For those who didn't wish to move, a bus waits at the station for commuters from the city and drives them to the hilltop office building.

The only unsatisfactory working condition, I think, is that you must be content with a two-week vacation until you have been with the company for ten years. This policy is fairly standard practice. It certainly inhibits the potential job-jumper, and is at least a minor pressure in the direction of conformity. All the benefits exert pressure too. There is nothing sinister about them, since admittedly they are for your own material comfort—and isn't that supposed to be one of the goals of mankind? But what happens is that, as the years go by, the temptation to strike out on your own or take another job becomes less and less. Gradually you begin to drift with the current. Soon another inhibition may make you even more amenable. If you have been in easy circumstances for a number of years, you feel that you are out of shape. Even in younger men the hard muscle of ambition tends to become slack, and you hesitate to take a chance in the jungle again.

On top of all this, it is practically impossible to get fired. Unless you drink to alcoholism or let your hand be caught in the till, the company can afford to keep you around indefinitely. Occasionally under great provocation—such as a scandal that reaches the tabloids—there is a transfer. Once in a while a prematurely crusty old-timer is retired. Otherwise the axe will not fall.

Every so often I hear my seniors at the corporation inveigh against socialism, and it seems strange. I think that our company resembles in many respects a benevolent private social system. We are taken care of from our children's cradles to our own graves. We move with carefully graduated rank, station and salary through the decades. It is hard to see to what extent our individual enterprise is private. In our daily work most of us have not made an important decision in years, except in consultation with others.

*GOOD people work here.* Since joining the company I have not heard one person raise his voice to another in anger, and rarely even in irritation. Apparently when you remove fear from a man's life you also remove his stinger. Since there is no severe competition within our shop, we are serene. We do compete mildly, perhaps, by trying to make good marks in the hope that our department head will recommend a promotion or an increase to the Salary Committee. But as for cutting out the other fellow and using tricks to make him look bad, that is not done.

It would be wrong to say that our employees are not on the ball, either as workers or people. They smoke and drink and love, and go on camping trips and operate power boats, and read things and go to plays, and, say, ride motorcycles like anybody else. In the office, they know what to do (usually after consultation) in almost any circumstance. What a great many of them have lost, it seems to me, is temperament, in the sense of mettle. We speak of a mettlesome horse. Well, these are not mettlesome people. They lack perhaps the capacity to be mean and ornery when the ego is threatened. Because at our company we do not threaten people's egos.

Another curious thing is our capacity for being extremely friendly without saying anything to each other. I remember a conversation that went something like this:

"Jim! Where did you come from? I haven't seen you in—I guess it's been just about a year and a half."

"Just about that, Bill. A year and a half at least."

"What are you up to, for goodness' sake?"

"I've been in San Francisco, and now I'm going back overseas."

"Always on the move!"

"Well, I guess I am. I just thought I'd come down and have a chat with you before leaving."

"It's great that you did. How's your family?"

"Fine, Bill, how is yours?"

"They're fine, too."

"The years go by, don't they?"

"They sure do."

"Well. . . ."

"Well, I guess I'd better be moving along."

"It's been wonderful talking to you, Jim. Look, before you get on the plane, why don't you come down for another talk?"

"I will, boy. You can count on it."

Also common among our employees is a genuine and lively interest in the careers of upper-level executives whom they may never have laid eyes on. As these gentlemen proceed from one station to another, their progress is followed with exclamations and inside comments. "Hmm, Jackson has moved to Purchasing! I thought so." "Look at Welsh—he's taken over the top spot in Patagonia. Of course, they're setting him up for a vice-presidency." Who *cared* about Jackson and Welsh? As it turned out, I did. I was given the task of updating—



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

adding two more lines to—their official biographies.

The role of the corporation directors in our cosmos is an interesting one. I have found these august gentlemen to be amiable and even shy in the presence of their inferiors, but their appearance on the scene is the occasion of total respect, body and soul, such as I have not found outside the army. They are not feared either. They conduct themselves in a friendly, most democratic manner. So it is not awe they inspire, but so far as I can see, pure admiration. I was once talking to a young man in the employee relations department when his eyes, gazing over my shoulder, suddenly lit up with joy. I turned, expecting to see our pretty receptionist, but it was a director passing by and giving us a wave of his hand.

*TEAM PLAY is the thing.* Team play means that you alone can't get out too far ahead of the troops. You can't, because it is necessary in our company to consult and check over everything. Someone will ask whether this doesn't lead to a certain amount of mediocrity. This, I think, is partly true. We have a substantial number of mediocre people in the company—that is, men and women of ordinary ability who would probably never originate anything under any circumstances.

But where organizing an effort is concerned it is sometimes better to have mediocre talent than a bunch of creative guys who foul things up by questioning everything. In terms of performance, if you have an efficient method of operation, mediocre personnel can carry it out beautifully. In *planning*, mediocrity has and still does hurt the company.

Our method is to get together and talk it out. Why have one man make a decision when thirty-three can do it better? The consequence of this policy is that our executives commit very few errors—although sometimes they may arrive at the right decision three years too late. But the sure markets for the company's products bring in so much money that the mistake is buried in mountains of dollar bills. Our interminable rounds of conferences may also be counted on to produce by default serious errors of omission. These don't hurt noticeably either for the reason cited above.

I got over my impatience at the slow pace of things, but I felt it once at a lecture given to senior and junior executives on the new central filing system that would go into effect when we reached the palace. A fierce little girl, a vestal of the files, told us how it was going to be. We sat, without anyone suggesting it, according to rank, and I could work out the possible course of my company career, if I stayed with it, just by looking at the assemblage of heads in front of me—bald and white in the front rows, then pepper and salt, and gradually back where I was the black, brown and blond heads of hair. I thought of my own head, slowly changing through the years as I moved up a row or two, with never a chance by a brilliant coup of jumping while still brown-headed, or even pepper-and-salt, over several rows and landing among the white thatches. How could I make such a leap when anything I accomplish I do as a member of a group?

*A LITTLE more tension would be welcome.* This may be based on fragmentary evidence, but I suspect that when people are not put under at least a minimum of tension they seek it out in their dreams. One day I overheard our press relations man conferring with the boss, who said: "Maybe next time, Walt, you had better try it the other way." The press man came out of the office and saw me. "Boy!" he said, "I sure got a bawling out on that!"

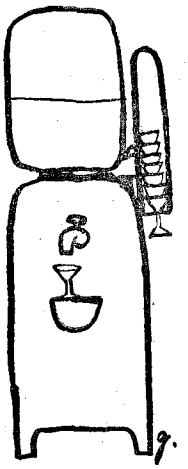
Another man of some rank joined his local Democratic Party, and worked hard at it during the 1956 campaign. But he felt guilty about what he had done. Finally he rushed upstairs and confessed to the president of the corporation. "Gosh," he told me afterwards in a disappointed tone, "he didn't mind at all. He just put his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Don't worry, Fred, I'm a Jeffersonian Republican myself.'"

*WE conform by choice.* Critics of big business are constantly on the watch for the kind of conformity that an organization explicitly demands of its members. Our company doesn't demand anything. Oh, there is tactful pressure on us to join the annuity and insurance program, and a rather strong insistence on Red Cross and Heart Fund gifts, but nothing serious.

What you have to watch out for is the amount of conformity you fall into by yourself, without realizing it. Something like this almost happened to me when my book was published. Far from resenting an attack on conformity, everyone chuckled over the book and thought



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



it was fine. Heads appeared from around corners and gazed at me with respect. They asked me to autograph dozens of copies, and several were bought and prominently displayed in the company lending library. In circumstances like these, it was no longer possible for me to consider myself a captive intellectual. A captive of what? Briefly, creeping contentment set in. I lolled about for months and began to love everybody, in and out of the office, and became quite a bore. A close friend was good enough to insult me at some length, until I started making unreasonable demands on people again, and returned to normal.

*WE ARE remote from the lives of others.* Shortly before we moved to the country the press relations man and I were looking out of our eleventh-floor window in the direction of the waterfront. We saw a half-circle of men gathered on a far-off pier. "Isn't that what they call a shape-up?" he asked with faint curiosity. It was easy to tell that he only barely imagined that these men existed and that their quaint customs were real.

Some weeks before I had looked down on a gentleman in a homburg and cutaway running among the crowds in the financial district. He carried a bouquet of red roses wrapped in green paper. You don't associate this street with flowers, and it was exciting to see him running, holding his green wrapping like a torch of something beautiful in this place. And then he died on his feet, twisting over and slumping to the pavement. His head rested against the wall of a building. He rested with the flowers flung across his knees and his fine hat askew, and the absurd and living gallantry that produced this death *could* only be nothing to us or to anyone in the crowds that simply swerved around him and kept going, because of the way we are, because of the way we are concentrated and oriented away from things like that.

How remote we were too from the crazy musicians who arrived on a blustery fall day with the idea that, since this was a great financial center, there would be a rain of coins from all of the tall buildings in response to their trumpet, guitar and bass fiddle. The wind swirled their jazz among the canyons. I saw that no one was paying them the slightest attention. Feeling guilty, I threw them a quarter, but they didn't see it. They danced and made jazz in the cold, while upstairs we went on with our work, and they didn't exist, and it was nobody's fault.

It isn't that we should have been expected to watch longshoremen, or care particularly about the man in the homburg, or throw coins to the brave musicians, but we have simply, systematically, avoided letting these aspects of life into our field of vision. We came in from the suburbs and plundered the city, and left each night without having the slightest idea of what was going on there. Even our daily experience in the rapid transit was spent behind a newspaper; taxis shielded us from the bad sections of town. We never heard guitars strumming on the dirty doorsteps, nor comprehended the possible excitement of disorderly feelings that make other people so much more alive than we are.

And when the corporation moved to the country we had it completely made. Now most of us could anticipate fifteen- and thirty-minute rides in car pools from our suburban homes to a suburban office. You could almost hear a company-wide sigh of contentment on the day that we moved.

*THIS WAY to the Palace.* Point your car along a winding driveway up the green hillside shaded with great elm trees. Enter the wide and friendly doorway and look at the murals in our lobby. They will tell you the story of our industry. As you go through the offices, you will probably gasp as we did at all the services. Imagine a sea of blond desks with tan chairs, outdoor lighting pouring in everywhere, roomy offices with individually-controlled air-conditioning and area-controlled Music by Muzak coming out of the walls. We need few private secretaries. All we have to do is pick up a phoning device and dictate our message to a disc which whirls in a sunny room in another part of the building. Here a pool of stenographers type all day long with buttons in their ears. We don't see them and they don't see us, but they know our voices.

A high-speed pneumatic tube system winds through the entire building. We send material from one office to another not by messenger but by torpedo containers traveling twenty-five feet a second. Simply have the attendant put your paper, magazine or memo in the plastic carrier. He inserts the container in the tube, dials the appropriate number, and, whoosh, it is shot across the building. There is a complete sound system throughout headquarters. If, for example, a bad storm is forecast, there will be an "Attention Please," and you may go home early. At noon, enjoy movies in an auditorium the size of a small theatre, visit the library, watch the World Series on color TV, or play darts and table tennis in the game room. The finest caterers and a staff of swift waitresses serve you luncheon. Then go to the company store, pitch horseshoes, or take a brief stroll under the elms.

What happens to an office force when it is offered these splendid conditions? At first there were a few small complaints. The main difficulty is that we find it all but impossible to get off the campus. You can dash several miles to town for a quick lunch. Otherwise you stay on the grounds until closing. City employees everywhere have the chance to renew, at least slightly, their connection with the world during lunch hour. When we first came many of us rambled in the woods and picked



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flowers, but we seldom do that any more.

As for our work-efficiency, I think it has diminished a bit as a result of what one of my friends calls "our incestuous situation." When you are isolated in the country it is not easy to feel that sense of urgency which distinguishes most businessmen.

Personally, I sometimes get a feeling of being in limbo. More than ever one feels—ungratefully—overprotected. While on the job, I actually can't feel hot or cold. I can't even get sick! This will sound ridiculous, but when the company obtained a supply of Asian flu shots, I found myself in the absurd position of refusing one. I somehow wanted a chance to resist the flu in my own way.

I don't know what to make of all this, but some time ago Dostoevsky did. He may be wrong, but he put it like this in *Notes From Underground*:

> Does not man, perhaps, love something besides well-being? Perhaps he is just as fond of suffering? Perhaps suffering is just as great a benefit to him as well-being?
>
> . . . In the 'Crystal Palace' [suffering] is unthinkable. . . . You believe, do you not, in a crystal palace which shall be forever unbreakable—in an edifice, that is to say, at which no one shall be able to put out his tongue, or in any other way to mock? Now, for the very reason that it must be made of crystal, and forever unbreakable, and one whereat no one shall put out his tongue, I should fight shy of such a building.

# DALLAS: Another Little Rock? . . *by Ronnie Dugger*

*Austin, Texas*

TEXAS, like Arkansas, is divided east from west. East Texas is racist; in the west and southwest, the state is either tolerant or indifferent. But there is a difference. Balancing Texas' 1,300,000 Negroes, about 90 per cent of whom live in East Texas, are a million Mexican-Americans who live mostly in the southern and southwestern counties. They have elected some of their number to the state legislature; the influence of nearby Mexico has helped create a racial urbanity in their regions which surprises other Texans and amazes Yankees. More than 100 school districts in Texas have already been integrated.

Of course, populous East Texas dominates the legislature. But the resistance to racist measures is freely expressed. R. A. Weinert, a South Texan and dean of the state senate, remarked about a recent race bill which the upper house had approved: "Well, come on, boys, let's go down to the tailor and get measured for our sheets." William Fly, another South Texan, chided his senate colleagues on passing a bill for the selective closing of public schools threatened with integration: "You're doing something that even the most rabid Southern state has not had the courage to do."

*RONNIE DUGGER is editor of* The Texas Observer.

This is the context either of another Little Rock or another Nashville. A federal judge has ordered integration in the Dallas schools at mid-term. On December 27, the federal appeals court in New Orleans overruled the order, saying that Dallas authorities should have "a reasonable further opportunity to meet their primary responsibility." But it is difficult to believe that the courts will assent to any delay beyond next fall in a case already two years old. Students of the timetables believe Houston will receive its court ultimatum for next September. East Texans think of Dallas as theirs, and Houston is the largest city in the South; if these two yield, other hold-outs will follow and East Texas itself will be next. For a time it seemed that Governor Price Daniel intended to behave like Frank Clement instead of Orval Faubus, but then the East Texans realized their crisis was at hand and Daniel capitulated.

EARLY this year, in the regular session of the legislature, the East Texans managed to squeeze two laws past the filibustering defenders of civil rights in the senate. Neither really satisfied the East Texans. One required local elections before integration could be effected: i.e., local option on the American Constitution. The other permitted local school boards to assign pupils to schools on the basis of a number of wide-open factors, including "mental energy," "motivations," "relative intelligence," "psychological qualification," "the possibility or threat of friction or disorder among pupils or others." Daniel signed both bills. One school district—Pleasanton, in South Texas—actually held an election and voted four to one for integration; the second law has not been applied or tested. Even the densest East Texan cannot hope that either of these laws will accomplish more than delay.

Came Little Rock. The judge told Dallas it would have to integrate, and the clique of bankers, oilmen and businessmen who run that city, confronted with the plain choice between compliance or violence, decided they could not suffer a smear on the name of Dallas like the one on Little Rock. To this day Dallas authorities stand pledged to uphold law and order. The Dallas *News* startled its readers by advocating gradual desegregation. Governor Daniel asked the Mayor if he thought he'd need state help, and he replied, "Hell, no." Meanwhile, the Governor told reporters that he would not use state troops either to enforce or to thwart federal court orders.

In October, however, Daniel convened a one-month special session of the legislature to pass a lobby registration act and a water-use re-

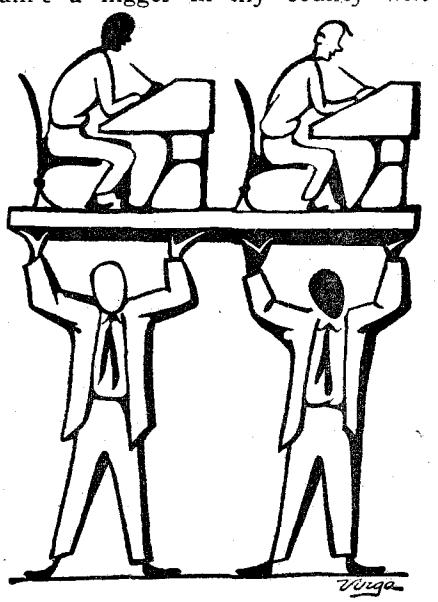


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

search appropriation. The East Texans took the opportunity to demand what they vaguely called an "anti-troop bill." A trade was arranged: Daniel agreed they would have their legislation in a second called session in return for their support of the first-session program. What they passed was not an anti-troop bill at all, though the daily press pliantly designated it as one. It was better characterized by State Senator Henry Gonzalez as "a school-child lockout bill—a legalized hooky bill." It requires the governor to close any school when its local board certifies that it is in danger of violence "or the threat thereof" which, in the opinion of the local board, *could* be prevented only through the use of troops. In plain language, if a school district comes under the hand of a federal court order, it can be closed. Arguing against the bill, the Reverend Das Kelly Barnett, associate professor of Christian ethics at the Episcopal Seminary of the Southwest, said: "The only legal method of evading the supreme law of the land . . . is to dissolve the public-school system. I do not think the sovereign state of Texas is ready to dissolve the public-school system to placate an East Texas faction." House Speaker Waggoner Carr seems willing. He told a Dallas Lions club: "Texans have made it clear to the federal government that they had rather have no public schools at all than to have their children march to classrooms with bayonets in their backs." But in fact the law will be used only to close schools the segregation strategists want closed; this is the factor which assures its imitation in the Southern states.

Even so, the East Texans do not wish to put their constituents' belief in segregation to the test, in Carr's words, of "no public schools at all." Section 5 of the new law requires the state to continue paying the salaries of teachers and other personnel of closed schools; it also authorizes "out-of-classroom instruction," with no standards prescribed. Explaining this section, the House sponsor, Representative Sadler of Percilla, said: "You could hold school in the home, in a barn, any place you wanted to. . . . The troops might stay for nine months, and in my area the schools would stay closed all nine months." In debate, Representative Bob Mullen of Alice, South Texas, said school might be held in a saloon; he called it "Daniel's saloon-closing bill." "I prefer troops to mobs," he said. In the senate debates, Senator Abraham Kazen of Laredo, on the Texas-Mexico border, exclaimed: "Under this bill, we close the schools and we open the barn. This is a barn-opening bill. Two men in any community could close the schools at the danger of a threat." To which the senate sponsor, Wardlow Lane, replied stoically, "Some of us feel that having school with troops there is just like having no school at all."

MOST interesting in all the debates was the failure of any of the East Texans to defend segregation as such. States' rights, yes; down with the Supreme Court, yes. But segregation as a way of life? Silence. Only once did the taut and spitting face of hate arise: it was Lane's. The Rev. Barnett had testified in committee that there was no church rule against racial intermarriage, that "sociologically speaking, this would be what we call a 'burdened marriage' and I would advise against it," but that he had no "personal" objection to intermarriage. During the senate debate, Lane shouted that Barnett "said it's all right for nigger and white to intermarry. Well, it ain't right over in my county. . . . There ain't a nigger in my county who won't tell you I'm a friend of the colored." But, "if one of my East Texas niggers" married Barnett, "I would feel sorry for the nigger."




THE OLD CLOCK on the wall behind the senate chamber says midnight. A blue norther off the plains rattles the huge windows and whines around the chilled granite corners of the capitol. Half-a-dozen people sit in the galleries, immobile, dazed. The senator from Dallas is in the chair, but the senate does not seem to be here—only a tall, athletic Mexican man in a brown suit and buttoned-up vest, resting his thumbs in the vest's pockets, pacing and reading, pacing and talking; and, seated quietly behind him, within the brass rail, a slight Mexican lady, his wife.

"Exalted feelings, and inflamed minds," Gonzalez is saying. Standing through the morning, the afternoon and the evening without relief, he is to stand and talk on through the night until the dawn and the twenty-first hour of his filibuster, the highlight of the Texas legislature's second special session. Why is he holding out alone when he knows he will lose?

In 1929, on the West Side of San Antonio, he was called "a Meskin greaser." In 1953, at a riverside camp in New Braunfels, he could not buy tickets because he was a "Latin-American." The progress from "Meskin" to "Latin-American" did not impress him then, and does not now. He is worried about what he calls "a plague worse than the plagues of the Middle Ages, racism," which will sink the West in the long run if it is not wiped out. He has this "world view" to serve. And he is aware, too, that people pay attention to filibusters, and that the newspapers, about dawn, will be full of what he is now saying. He has this role to play.

"There are those," he says, "who would even sacrifice the public school system on these altars of bigotry and hatred. We have in Texas now hysteria and abnormal fear." The battle will be lost, he says, but the war won. " 'The heart must be the stronger, the mind the bolder, the courage the greater, when our forces



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dwindle.' . . . We have the duty of speaking up."

Recently in *The New York Times* Cabell Phillips wrote that Southern moderates, through Little Rock, played it safe, kept their mouths shut. "But in the wake of Little Rock," he wrote, "the moderate may well wonder if silent assent is enough. Had he rallied sooner, marshaled public opinion, demanded with a voice as loud and insistent as the mob leaders' that solutions be found in law and not in violence—had he done these things in Little Rock, might not the catastrophe have been averted?"

For a time it seemed that Daniel was on the side of the law. Now one is not sure. We'll soon know whether Dallas officials dare close schools in attempting to thwart federal law. We shall know whether the Citizens Councils will clog Highway 80 into Dallas with carloads of rednecks bent on the last desperate appeal from law—violence. And we shall know whether the liberals and the moderates of Dallas, Houston and other cities across the South will organize in advance against civil violence and encourage the enforcement of the law; and, if the time comes, go to the school in the morning of the day peaceably to dissuade their fellow townsmen from violence.

# PROGRESS in BIRTH CONTROL . . *by R. L. Meier*

THE MOST intractable difficulty standing in the way of world-wide economic development today can be traced directly to some of the early successes of natural science. Many of the scientific principles that made it possible to improve the efficiency of production in the past century were also applied to medicine. Where this happened, the death rate has dropped to a third or quarter of what it was, and expectation of life at birth has doubled. The public-health techniques which are mainly responsible for this enormous saving of life can now be transferred to less developed regions of the globe in a matter of years, or at most, decades. But—and we shall see that this is the crux of the problem—it has become apparent by now that the compensatory technique of birth control cannot be transferred so readily. Thus most of the populous societies of the world find themselves in grave imbalance, with births exceeding deaths by a wide margin.

Population growth is not a new phenomenon; what is new is the rate of growth. In pre-scientific times populations expanded by only a few tenths of 1 per cent annually, excluding slaves, and then mainly in their "golden ages." This rate amounted to perhaps 15 to 25 per cent per generation. Today we see growth in the range of 1.5 to 3.5 per cent annually, so that population can more than double in a single generation.

What we are witnessing, in a sense, is a race between production and reproduction, and on the basis of the present outlook, the trends are not favorable. In recent years a handful of Western economists and demographers, working in collaboration with planners from some of the most progressive-minded countries, projected for certain underdeveloped areas the maximum pace of economic development possible, given the most modern techniques, in the light of the manpower, resources and local capital institutions available. Their findings are of great significance:

*1.* The productive capacity of the areas could be increased greatly.

*2.* Population would also increase.

*3.* Unless some widespread means of fertility reduction were quickly and cheaply introduced simultaneously with the improvements in technology, only trivial net improvements in the standard of living could be expected.

*4.* No adequate precedents exist for the spread of fertility-reduction techniques *at the rates needed.*

*5.* If we can do no better than the best that has been done in the past with fertility-reduction, the projected per capita supply of goods and services will inevitably turn downward again.

Such projections are most distressing, suggesting as they do that the net result of science will not be the improvement of living standards, except perhaps in a few favored parts of the world such as North America, but principally a marked increase in the number of people living at mere subsistence standards. In effect, our past uses of science have been out of balance: our capacity to manipulate environment and to prevent fatal illnesses, particularly among children, has far outstripped the ability to control human numbers.

THE FAMILY grouping is the link through which reproduction and the nurture of children are related to other features of the social system. Looked at in one way, a society is an aggregation of families with a language, an economy, a religion, or a political system in common — often it is all of these at once and more. Almost everywhere in the populous areas, as in Western countries, it is within the family that decisions are made concerning procreation. Thus the study of suitable birth-control techniques, once the physiological and medical features have been set, must concern itself with what has been learned about family sociology and sexual behavior, particularly those aspects which have only recently come to be considered suitable for investigation. If the introduction of those techniques is to succeed, the privacy which usually cloaks the whole subject of procreation must be intruded upon in a few details. How do families react to such intrusions?

*RICHARD L. MEIER, author of* Science and Economic Development, *is on the staff of the Mental Health Research Institute at the University of Michigan.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this respect, Puerto Rico is perhaps the most studied society. Birth-control clinics were started there before World War II, but with little effect. Early studies demonstrated that in gross outline the problem there was much the same as in other poor, densely populated countries. Acceptance of birth control was likely only when all of the following conditions were met:

*1.* Information had been obtained about some practical means of contraception.

*2.* At least one contraceptive method was appropriate to the income and social class of the family.

*3.* The method adopted was used with diligence.

*4.* Opportunities for economic self-improvement were open.

*5.* The wives had schooling, or at least were literate.

*6.* The husbands were less dominant in household decisions.

*7.* A variety of urban values had already been accepted by the parents.

The Puerto Ricans' solution to their population problem was along quite unexpected lines. They have been finding jobs on the United States mainland to such an extent that the island population has remained virtually stable since 1950. In addition, in the last decade, about one-fifth of the women decided on permanent sterilization as the best solution. However, most delayed their "*operacion*" until they had already had more than the average number of children, so the net effect upon the birth rate was small.

AFTER A DOZEN years of rapid economic and educational advances, unprecedented rates of urbanization, the granting of economic opportunity to women (in the form of industrial jobs) which provided independence of the dictates of the husband, free contraceptives and continual birth-control publicity, the Puerto Rican birth rate dropped from about 40 per 1,000 to 33 per 1,000. But the death rate, about 7-8 per 1,000, is now less than on the United States mainland. Thus, if it were not for migration, the island would still have one of the largest population growth rates in the world. It is the major thesis of the family sociologists Stycos, Hill and Back that contraception cannot gain ground rapidly in Puerto Rico because of the lack of communication between husband and wife regarding matters of sex. To this difficulty are added the inconvenience of the use of ordinary contraceptives in poor living conditions, the special vanities of the males, the belief that girls should be protected from information about sex until they have been married, etc.

Most Latin societies are likely to pose difficulties similar to those observed in Puerto Rico. Societies in Asia and Africa seem, upon much briefer inspection, to present social and psychological blocks to birth

control which are at least as discouraging, although they are strikingly different. The solutions, if any have been found, are also different. In Japan, for example, the popular means of birth control has been abortion, and only gradually is this technique being replaced by contraception. Among a large section of France's population and in much of the rest of Western Europe, the accepted method is withdrawal. Both abortion and infanticide are applied in many island societies and tribal groups, but usually only in the face of the most desperate exigencies.

Social workers who assist in contraceptive clinics are certain that an *oral* contraceptive would overcome virtually all difficulties. Tablets like aspirin and penicillin have already penetrated the remotest agrarian and tribal areas, and a contraceptive closely related to these in appearance and mode of use would, it is cogently argued, prove acceptable. In a Puerto Rican survey, 89 per cent of women not then using birth control signified their willingness to use a pill to be taken once a month. A product of this sort is simple enough so that there is a chance for introducing it into underdeveloped areas before any major extension of the educational system or any notable improvement in economic opportunity need be consummated. It could go a long way toward resolving the planners' quandaries.

GIVEN THE needs as specified by the planners of economic development, what are the chances for developing this innovation, which appears to be crucial to the improvement of the level of living? Some years back, studies of certain herb products seemed to offer a good deal of promise. One such herb (*Lithospermum ruderale*) is reported to have been used as a tea by Shoshone Indian women in the desert wastes of Nevada. It was found that extracts from this herb did suppress ovulation in mice, rats and humans, but a series of side effects made the widespread use of the crude drug appear to be undesirable. Attempts to purify and isolate the chemical constituents which might be free of most such side effects have failed. As a consequence, the short-lived flurry of research in the United States, Canada and Great Britain on *Lithospermum* has virtually subsided.

The first results to show long-run promise arose out of investigations of the physiological effects of sex hormones, both real and synthetic. Progesterone is one such hormone that participates in the ovarian cycle. Its periodic release is triggered off close to the time of ovulation by gonadotrophin hormones from the pituitary gland. Large dosages of progesterone earlier in the cycle bring about a disturbance which usually cuts off ovulation. Progesterone could be synthesized as a pure chemical compound and used as a pill to reduce fertility, but it may affect certain secondary sex characteristics, such as firmness of the breasts, voice and emotional stability.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

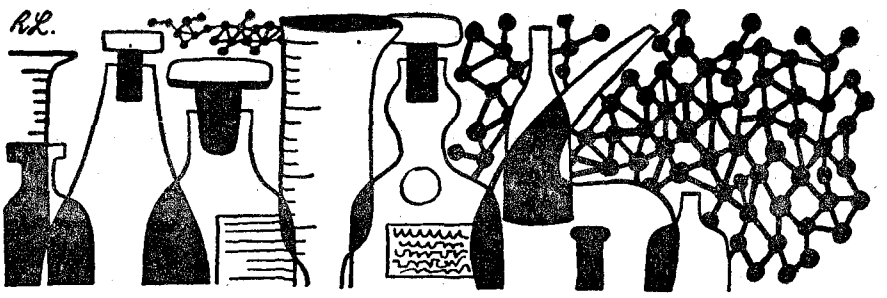
For this reason, it has been used sparingly, and then not as a contraceptive.

The increasing knowledge of the activity of progesterone and other sex hormones led to an extensive study of related steroid compounds in the hope of finding chemical substances which would suppress ovulation with fewer side effects. After investigating scores of such compounds, Pincus, Rock and their collaborators reported in *Science* in November, 1956, that four were found which have an anti-ovulatory effect, similar to that of progesterone, upon both animals and humans. Three of these are being tested clinically on a substantial scale. The cost, presently high, can be reduced greatly by mass production and distribution. Assessments of the possible side effects are complicated and will not be clear for years to come, although the evidence so far is encouraging.

IN THE past year it has become evident that a series of chemicals designed to attack leukemia may also become important co-ingredients of another kind of birth-control pill —one which would bring about very early abortion, so early that one is unsure as to whether abortion actually occurs. Because of this, such pills (should they be perfected) would be frowned upon for ethical reasons, by a large section of Western medical practitioners. Elsewhere, however, where in desperation a later abortion or infanticide are sometimes resorted to, people have developed somewhat different viewpoints. In a choice between a multiplicity of evils, one chooses the least. Thus in Japan and China first, and perhaps in the rest of Asia and Africa later, these cheap, simple, once-a-month pills are likely to be preferred by the poorer people.

The inherent toxicity of the abortive pills, should they be taken in excess, would require governments to set up special units to supervise their distribution and administration. Such controls would almost certainly require an extension of public-health organization in a direction which has not thus far been undertaken.

Let us suppose several satisfactory



oral contraceptives are found. What would be the next steps? The first of these can be foreseen quite clearly: the establishment of prolonged, large-scale field tests in typical populations to assure that there were no untoward longer-range physiological effects not detectable in short-range studies. The medical observations would have to be accompanied by studies of the actual effectiveness of such drugs in reducing the numbers of unwanted children. Therefore statisticians and demographers will be necessary because of the techniques they have developed for measuring over-all changes in reproductive behavior. However, in order to obtain the most clear-cut results from pilot tests of this sort, the behavioral patterns in the family should be studied in considerable detail, so that the motivations for using and not using contraceptives can be evaluated. Anthropologists, sociologists and social psychologists all have worthwhile professional competences in this regard.

It seems not unlikely that *it will be the supply of sociological information and skills which most limits the speed with which a birth-control drug may be successfully introduced into underdeveloped areas.* There are thousands of medical and biological scientists in the world, there are thousands more nurses and medical technicians, but there are only hundreds of statisticians and only a few score sociologists who are equally specialized and qualified. Yet the staff of such pilot tests would have to lean heavily upon these social scientists.

The family-study skills are expected to be so scarce in the 1960s that the introduction of these innovations in birth control is likely to be subject to discouraging delays. The alternative that may be considered is a relatively expensive trial-and-error approach. Manufacturers in the field, and the voluntary welfare organizations (such as Planned Parenthood), would need to *learn* how to sell their ideas and their products without the benefit of market research.

When a skill is expected to become scarce, one begins to look for substitutes. The only one that can be visualized at this time for the family sociologist is suggested by the lack of convenient amplifiers in his information-acquiring methods. There are no computers that can be brought to bear in such a manner as greatly to extend his productivity. His data processing, of course, can be expedited—and this is already being done—but the tedious process of training interviewers to carry out depth interviews cannot be undertaken by machine.

ONE casts about therefore for some relevant sociological skill which can have a very high level of amplification—one which might be used either to complement or to reinforce the investigations of family interactions and family structure in populations subject to rapid growth. The most promising group that comes to mind is made up of social scientists and experts on communications, particularly mass media and audio-visual techniques. In Jamaica, for example, the family-planning clinic already announces its services over the radio, and finds this procedure by far the most successful means of introduction.

The electronic equipment capable of delivering images into the hinterland is becoming steadily cheaper. Within two decades or so, TV sets should have penetrated considerably farther into the hinterland than radio has today, so that



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a predominant share of the world's peoples would then have at least occasional access to it. Under these circumstances, a single message can be received more or less simultaneously by millions of people heretofore relatively cut off from the rest of the world.

Although it is well recognized that fads and various undesirable forms of social manipulation can be propagated through the media of mass communications, and consumption choices temporarily influenced, birth control is not likely to fall into this class. Its use would be evidence that people were, a little more than before, deciders of their own fate.

Development-minded governments, using mass media, might spread the information about the usefulness, with their implications and limitations, of the new birth-control drugs. Sociologists and psychologists would be needed to measure the response to such messages, suggesting methods for improving their impact. It is already apparent that programs for education in this direction will need to be far more ingenious than those which have so far been applied to, say, nutrition or public health. A variety of inventions will be needed to achieve the necessary effectiveness.

The foregoing analysis suggests that it is in the realm of sociology, rather than of medicine, that the greatest obstacles to birth control exist. And the obstacles are the more formidable because a large share of the educated population, including many of its scientifically trained members, reject the population problem as unworthy of consideration because of either esthetic or ideological principles.

If the problem is to be solved, it is most likely to be done through the efforts of hundreds of stubborn, independent investigators who will be looking not for fame and recognition, but who are seeking to satisfy some inner urge. They will have to battle prejudice, scrounge for funds (there are only three or four foundations willing to commit themselves to such projects, and only one of them is liberally supplied with funds), and patiently construct their own systems of analysis. Very likely there will be clashes and disagreements among them, and polemical debates are to be expected regarding the relative merits of one approach as compared to another. This is the pattern that science and invention have always taken when operating beyond the boundary of complete social acceptance.

Improvident human fertility appears to belong in the same class of crucial problems as nuclear weapons, radiation hazards, missiles, etc. Each is a science-derived development which requires the abandonment of certain cherished ideas of sovereignty. Population growth threatens the sovereignty of the family in matters of procreation. In each instance the task for the next generation is to find that combination of technical and social controls which does not violate or destroy traditional values, and yet is adequate to resolve the problem.

# INDIA'S COMMUNIST STATE

*The author of this article is a veteran correspondent who has contributed frequently to* The Nation's *editorial columns under a Washington dateline.—Ed.*

*Trivandrum, Kerala, India*

SINCE LAST APRIL Kerala, one of India's fourteen states, has had a Communist government. It is the first Red regime in India and about the first one anywhere to have come into office by peaceful parliamentary means, without use of force from within or without. The Communists emerged from the election as the strongest single party, though still five seats short of a majority in the state legislature. Having made a deal with several Left independents, the regime holds sixty-four seats against the opposition's sixty-two. The Communist Party has 40,000 members in a total state population of 15,000,000.

The regime has two and a half strikes against it. India is a highly centralized nation and the individual states enjoy almost no sovereign rights. They have no constitutions of their own. Many measures adopted by the state can become law only after receiving the central government's approval. The national constitution permits the central government to intervene and even to take over the functions of the state government.

Further, the Communists' slender majority in the Kerala assembly makes their tenure of office insecure. Normally the next election is due in February, 1962, so the Reds could have four more years of power before submitting themselves to the people's verdict. But the loss of a couple of by-elections could turn them out of office much sooner.

The state regime is dependent on the national government in the most important of all fields: economic improvement. Kerala, a rural area, has large unemployment and even larger under-employment. Only by creating industries, of which there are today none worth mentioning, can the state hope to absorb the jobless. To score real successes, the Communists must build dams, extend irrigation, construct shipyards and electric power stations, paper and pulp factories and smaller industries. The state is rich in resources, with high mountains, swift rivers and big tracts of valuable timber.

If a start is to be made toward industrializing the state, financial aid must come from the national treasury. However, under the present Five Year Plan (1956-61), Kerala is to get only $87 million from the central government, an average of about $17 million a year. This is



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chicken-feed, especially because Kerala must import half of its principal food item, rice.

The Chief Minister of Kerala, E. M. Sankaran Namboodiripad, and his Finance Minister, Achyutha Menon, speak of attracting private capital. As leaders of a Communist regime, they have been pursuing economic policies of marked moderation. They have exempted the large tea, rubber and spice plantations from the proposed land reform; they know that to split the plantations would cripple production. They have abstained from discussing state ownership of the handful of industries which now exist.

Although the local Communist chiefs would like private investors to put money into Kerala, they hardly expect this to happen. British and Indian planters feel insecure. Since the Communists began running the government eight months ago, the maximum state tax on agricultural profits has been raised from 45 to 62 per cent. A tea planter told this reporter that the state now takes 50 per cent more in taxes. He said that 64 per cent of his plantation's gross profits are paid as taxes to the state and central governments. However, improved cultivation methods have doubled the yield on his tea estate in the past decade.

Workers and their unions have been restive. The minimum wage for plantation laborers is the equivalent of 26 cents per day; average pay on some estates is 34 cents. As in much of India in the past couple of years, wages have limped behind rising food prices.

IN AN interview, Catholic Archbishop Dr. Joseph Attipetty told me that if the Communists are able to stay the full five-year term in office, they will probably win the next election. If given time, he said, they will strengthen their position by land reform and by a general wage increase.

Congress is fighting the land-reform bill which the Communists are presenting to the Kerala legislature. The opposition, or some of its members, allege that the bill is a move towards collectivization which would deprive the peasant of his land. The Communists deny any such plan. In other states, the Congress Party has fathered similar measures, although the Reds propose a tighter ceiling on the acreage any landlord may hold. The bill being pressed in Kerala would limit individual possession of wet, double-crop land to fifteen acres, and dry land to thirty acres. Holdings above these sizes would be distributed among poor and landless peasants who would compensate the former owner by installment payments.

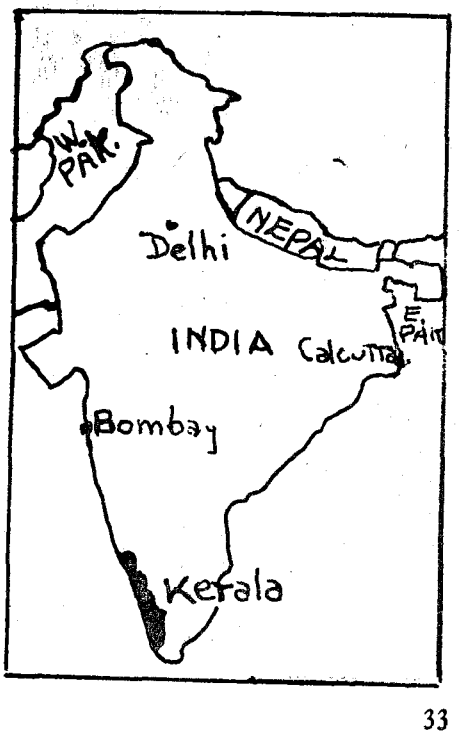
This is by far the most significant change the Kerala Communists have proposed until now. Past governments in the state have promised land reform. If the Communists manage to put this measure into force, they may win many recruits. Many of the smallest farmers, or landless ones, are Christians; the Communists hope thus to lessen hostility towards the regime among followers of the Christian churches, who number more than 3,000,000—two-thirds of them Catholic.

THE hottest issue here is the Communist education bill. In certain circumstances—which the Reds would almost certainly say are present—the measure allows the state to take over church schools. Of 13,000 schools in Kerala, 8,000 belong to the churches. Of these, about half are Catholic; the rest Protestant, Jacobite or Moslem. The churches and the more enlightened Indian ruling princes have to their credit the relatively high rate of literacy in Kerala, approximately 45 per cent compared with the all-India average of 17 per cent.

The crux of the pending education bill is that it would vest in the existing three-man Public Service Commission the authority to draw up a list of eligibles from which school principals would choose teachers. The members of the commission were named by the anti-Communist Congress Party government in 1955 for a five-year term. Thus, if the Reds are still in office in 1960, they could designate three new members and this would permit them to apply a political as well as pedagogic barometer for replenishing the state's corps of teachers. The Catholic Church is contesting the bill's constitutionality. Next move is with the president of the Republic. If he approves the measure, the church will carry its challenge to India's supreme court.

American officials in this area are watching developments closely. Nobody suggests that the outcome in this small 15,000-square-mile-state will be decisive for India. In the first instance, it is the struggle between the world's two great power blocs which will most strongly affect India's course, despite this country's non-alignment. Next in importance is India's series of Five Year Plans and their capability of lifting the country's nearly 400 million people from their present wretchedness while yet preserving personal freedoms. Of course what occurs in the state of Kerala may have some bearing on India's direction. A Communist success there could improve the party's prospect in other states.

On the other hand, the moderation which the Reds have shown here may be an embarrassment to the Communists elsewhere in India. When the Communists attack the ruling Congress Party in other states and in the nation's capital, they risk being asked, "How can you tell us to engage in more radical action when your own party's government in Kerala has been putting its Marxism in cold storage?"






LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The State of the Story

*PRIZE STORIES OF 1956:* The O. Henry Awards. Edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin. Doubleday. 294 pp. $3.95.

*THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1957*: Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin. 345 pp. $4.

*THE END OF PITY.* By Robie Macauley. McDowell, Obolensky. 246 pp. $3.50.

*FIRST LOVE AND OTHER SORROWS.* By Harold Brodkey. Dial Press. 223 pp. $3.50.

*THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.* By Samuel Yellen. Alfred A. Knopf. 244 pp. $3.50.

*ROMAN TALES.* By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 229 pp. $3.75.

*DOMESTIC RELATIONS.* By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pp. $3.50.

*A BIT OFF THE MAP.* By Angus Wilson. The Viking Press. 193 pp. $3.50.

*THAT MARRIAGE BED OF PROCRUSTES.* By Daniel Curley. Beacon Press. 186 pp. $3.50.

*COLOR OF DARKNESS.* By James Purdy. New Directions. 175 pp. $3.50.

*309 EAST & A NIGHT OF LEVITATION.* By Bianca Van Orden. Harcourt Brace. 125 pp. $2.95.

*FIFTEEN BY THREE.* By R. V. Cassill, Herbert Gold, James B. Hall. New Directions. 248 pp. $1.35.

***William Bittner***

THE SHORT STORY is the only kind of literature that was invented by Americans, and in this country there is no other form so widely read; yet now, 116 years after Poe defined it, the American short story has gone to pot for at least the third time. The O. Henry type of story, with its snappy surprise ending, is finally dying out, even in the slick paper magazines; but its replacement, the *New Yorker* type, has degenerated into an equally sentimental but less craftful stereotype.

Annual collections, like the O. Henry Prize stories and Martha Foley's anthology, used to be dominated by an adaptation to the American scene of Guy de Maupassant's little exercises in irony—what we know as the O. Henry story. These follow an "ordinary" character through extraordinary behavior until, in a double-twist ending, he reverts to type, demonstrating that the solid mediocrity of simple people invariably wins out. Prose equivalents of Edgar Guest, these works made a mythology for the Taft-to-Coolidge era that has lasted to this day.

But a glance at *The Best American Short Stories of 1957* or the O. Henry selections of last year shows that, even though such stories may survive in the big slicks, they are no longer considered praiseworthy. A majority of the prize stories come from small-circulation quarterlies, and the rest from women's fashion magazines, quality monthlies, or the *New Yorker*. Whoever bought them to begin with, they are all would-be *New Yorker* stories.

THE *New Yorker* story is a variation on the O. Henry that is interesting for the first hundred times you read it—or was, back in the thirties, when it was a novelty. References to the arts, to foreign countries as civilized places, and to adultery—all taboo in the O. Henry outlets—create an illusion of sophistication. The characters are more troubled and the point of view is urban or—increasingly since World War II—suburban. The ending is less contrived. But the cliché remains: intellectuals and artists are slobs. These stories are simply *Saturday Evening Post* root beer with a little gin added.

A few individual works in the collections have decided virtues, and some of the writers—Nelson Algren, for example, and Flannery O'Connor—have shown themselves capable of top-notch writing. But the mannerisms that magazines today seem to demand stamp originality into a pattern so tight that it is difficult to distinguish between the fresh work and the platitudinous, especially if you don't much care to rummage through the haystack looking for needles.

WHEN I first saw the pile of books of short stories accumulated on my desk in preparation for this piece, I felt what an editor—say for the *New Yorker*—must feel when he returns from vacation: most of the pile must be trash, but there just might be something good. There was Robie Macauley's *The End of Pity* (war and the academic in somewhat better-than-standard *New Yorker* irony), Harold Brodkey's *First Love and Other Sorrows* (the *New Yorker* at its worst, or Would I Were a Child Again and How *Sad* It Is in the Suburbs), Samuel Yellen's *The Passionate Shepherd* (good, solid, 1930-*Story Magazine* stuff—Jewish nostalgia and the academic life). Of these the Yellen book is by far the most interesting, for it represents the post-O. Henry tradition at its best.

A trio of books from abroad interested me more. Alberto Moravia's *Roman Tales* reads like a group of De Sica movies—and no wonder, since one of them was. In *Domestic Relations* Frank O'Connor remains Irish, even though the *New Yorker* is getting into his blood. It is refreshing, too, to read his stories in versions a little less *New Yorker*ized—the text of O'Connor often differs from magazine to book. Even Angus Wilson writes for the old lady of West 43rd Street, but only two of the stories in *A Bit Off the Map* appeared there; they are not the best in the book, but they have style and meaning.

Wilson is probably the best short

*WILLIAM BITTNER is lecturer in Literature at the New School for Social Research.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

story writer in England now, and this is the first collection that brings his view of the current English social scene up to date with what he has been saying in his novels. *A Bit Off the Map* plays variations on the loss of class structure and its psychological implications. The title story carries a British hipster, frantically seeking answers to his questions and outlets for his yearnings, through a gamut of phoneys, all insecure, in espresso-shop society. His illusions about them are smashed by his meeting a mildly paranoid retired colonel on Hampstead Heath at one in the morning and hearing his mad plan for the defense of England. "And it's all, all of it, a bloody cheat," the boy declares, "and I don't know what I shall do." Thematically akin to that, and rounding off the collection, is the last story, "Ten Minutes to Twelve," about an industrialist who lives in the illusion that he still can regain control of his business and run it as he did in the twenties; and about his family, whose similar illusion is clearly ordained for future blasting. The Teddy Boy of the first story is lost, and he knows it; the family of the last is equally lost, but does not know it.

Although Wilson is acceptable to a *New Yorker*ized world (perhaps because he is British), his style and substance are almost completely antipathetic to the values of suburban sophisticates. He neither weeps over the loss of a more secure (thus less security-minded) culture, nor wallows in the defeat of his characters. His stories serve to show his readers wherein his characters have failed in understanding themselves and their place in the world around them; he glories as much in the Teddy Boy's growing awareness as he condemns the industrialist's son for failing to see that he is following his father's path to madness.

A MUCH less even, less finished set of stories from an American writer is Daniel Curley's *That Marriage Bed of Procrustes*. This book lacks the impact of Wilson's in part because it covers a much longer expanse of time. The first story comments simultaneously on popular attitudes of 1927 toward the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and on the world of a child. Many of the stories are set in the days of the second world war. All have an unusual freshness, but I find the most effective piece a hilarious yet Kafka-esque academic story called "The Appointed Hour." A healthy plurality of American short story writers take a good bit of their situation from the university, because most of them have taught at one time or another, but Curley's is the best of the lot because it comes effectively to cases with the basic problem—the conflict between the creative mind and the bureaucratic in higher education. Education takes the place of class in this country, as it is coming to in Britain; and while others merely comment ironically on campus politics, Curley uses such shoddy situations as symbols for the effect of politics on our society.

While Curley is on his way to discovering how to write conventional short stories in the twentieth century, some other American writers are involved in finding new forms for their craft. I think they will all come out in the same place, even if they choose different routes to it. Certainly there is nothing *New Yorker*ish about the last three volumes in this story roundup. *Color of Darkness* contains a novella and nine stories previously published privately by the author, James Purdy, and two new stories to boot. Purdy's characters are usually unhappy people, but unlike the *New Yorker* sort, they are free of anything like sentimentality. In place of the pathos of our knowing "somebody like that," our sympathy is induced from our awareness that the tragedy of these people is everyman's. For all the variety of setting and character in the book, the stories have a single, indeed a cumulative, effect for they all seem to reflect what a tenuous hold the human being has on dignity.

The last work in *Color of Darkness*, "63: Dream Palace," is called a novella by the author, and I suppose that name is as good a compromise as any for this in-between form. I have read many novels that were less eventful; yet so much of the impact on me of "63: Dream Palace" derives from the single effect of reading it all at one sitting that it seems to be more what the short story might have been had it developed continuously from Poe, Hawthorne and Melville. Purdy, at any rate, is that rare bird in this age of reportorial fiction, a writer who creates.

Another writer of novellas that I am considerably impressed by is Bianca Van Orden. She is by no means a Purdy, but in *309 East & A Night of Levitation* she shows the power to use satiric irony cheek-by-jowl with sympathetic humor. Moreover, she can as deftly take the point of view of a man in the first story as she does that of a young girl in the second; a most excellent thing in a woman writer. Miss Van Orden has great sympathy for mankind—but not as much as Purdy.

The most promising unfulfilled

## Le Vièrge, le Vivace et le Bel Aujourd'hui

*(after Stéphane Mallarmé)*

The virginal, living and beautiful today
Will it shatter for us with a wing's drunken blow
This hard, forgotten lake where under the snow
Transparent glaciers of unflown flights stay?

A swan of long ago remembers it is he,
Magnificent, who yet without hope absolves
Himself for not having caroled a region to live
In through sterile winter's glittering ennui.

His whole neck will shake off the white agony
Inflicted by space which the bird denies
Though not the horror of earth's grip on plumage that cannot rise.

A Shade to this place by his pure brilliancy drawn,
He's frozen in a scornful dream of immobility
Shrouding the futile exile of the Swan.

A. J. M. Smith



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise in this survey is that represented by the New Directions *Fifteen by Three*: five stories each by R. V. Cassill, Herbert Gold and James B. Hall, all in a single paperback. And for bonus, there is a foreword by James Laughlin on the glossy mediocrity of most American short stories, and an introduction and notes on his stories by each of the authors. These comments are interesting, but not very enlightening; as a rule, a story writer expresses himself in his stories or not at all. Hall makes this point; Gold concedes it by talking mostly of the novel; and Cassill does not explain, but gives the background from which he wrote his stories. That seems the best procedure.

TWO of the works in this collection—Cassill's "The Life of the Sleeping Beauty" and Hall's "Action in Time of Twilight"—are frank experiments in technique, with tricks of typography and what I suppose might be called stream-of-unconsciousness narration. They are certainly interesting, but not, I believe, because of new technique. We are fascinated by them because they reveal, in an artistic manner, the multitude of inner workings, associations and memories involved in human acts. The appeal might be called psychological curiosity, and I wonder if they have not dropped out of the category of short story writing altogether.

True enough, these experimental works aid, far more than do the introductions, our understanding of what these writers—even Gold, who did not write anything of the sort—are shouting about. But like their other stories, which show techniques ranging from Yellen on, I believe they are merely gropings, the raw material but not the finished product. For one thing, Gold, who has proved his worth far more effectively in the novel, is the most original of the writers. Cassill moves from a *New Yorker* type of piece, "Larchmoor Is Not the World," through a pair of almost-Golds to his experimental; Hall sounds, outside his experiment, like a composite of mid-thirties little magazines. These men are novelists, and very few novelists have made their short stories anything more than studies for novels that did not come off.

THE originality of Cassill, Gold, Hall, Purdy, Van Orden and perhaps Curley is their obstacle to popular success. But their esthetic flaw is insufficient originality. I doubt very much if the short story is the form appropriate to what these people want to say, even though it may, at the moment, be the most strategic form they could use, since very few kinds of writing outside fiction can be truthful and at the same time be published these days. There is, however, another truly American literary form—one without a name, since it is exemplified only by Thoreau's *Walden* and some of the works of Whitman. It is the form that, had he lived, Randolph Bourne would have used, and the whole shape of twentieth century American literature might have been changed. Lawrence Barth, the only young writer of today to use it, had to publish *Universe Inside Me* himself, and sell it from Box 99, Village Station. But if, as James B. Hall says (and I believe it) the short story is the fictional equivalent of the lyric poem, there should be some middle ground between the essay and the poem. That is what these writers should be working on, if the world and publishers were much wiser than they are.

# The Misled Minds

*THE OPIUM OF THE INTELLECTUALS.* By Raymond Aron. Doubleday. 324 pp. $4.50.

***Michael D. Reagan***

RAYMOND ARON'S new book is an intellectual's attack on intellectuals. He argues that Western intellectuals—defined as those who *think* their existence, as well as live it—have fallen prey to the opium of left-wing ideology. From a "kind of visionary optimism combined with a pessimistic view of reality," the intellectuals have been led into mythology. The first myth is that of a unified Left from the French Revolution to the present; the second is the Myth of the Revolution, the optimistic assertion that a sudden break with the existing, imperfect order can create the ideal order of equality, liberty and reason. Last is the Myth of the Proletariat as the embodiment of universal values.

Aron challenges each of these. What unity is there, he asks, in a Left which once meant a struggle for constitutional government and now asserts its authority in the People's Democracies? How can Revolution be hailed as liberation when all revolutions "entail the violent replacement of one élite by another?" And surely, he scoffs, one cannot confer spiritual validity upon a working class whose liberation in Western states has simply swelled the ranks of the bourgeoisie.

His ire being directed less at egalitarian ideologies as such than at the pro-Soviet Left, many of his arguments arouse in an American no reaction stronger than "Well, of course." The disposition to explain away, as regards Soviet society, injustices which would provoke righteous invective at home has never been widespread here; today it is all but extinct. For Americans, the book's interest will be less in its major theme than in the variations—such as Aron's interpretation of history as possessing plural meanings, of the world as being "essentially equivocal" and hence not understandable through any single key.

Perhaps the most interesting comments are those on the European intellectuals' view of the United States, and on the social position of the American intellectual. Although Aron feels that post-war American diplomacy has, with few exceptions, conformed to the desires of Europeans, the intellectuals accuse the United States of helping to perpetuate the division of the world into opposing blocs (can we disagree?), thus cutting Western Europe out of the Big Power bloc. Behind this is the European Left's grudge against the U.S. for achieving revolutionary goals of political liberation and social justice by—of all things—capitalist means.

THE SOCIAL situation of the American intellectual is almost the reverse of the French, Aron asserts. "If the Paris of the Left Bank is the writer's paradise, the United States might be regarded as the writer's hell. . . . Americans put their trust in the technician, not in the culti-

*MICHAEL D. REAGAN teaches in the department of political science at Williams College.*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vated man." While the French intellectual rejects a public that exalts him, the American exalts a public that rejects him.

Aron's most challenging assertion is the similarity of the intellectual's integration into collectivities in the U. S. and in the U.S.S.R. The Soviet expert's ideology, stripped of Marxist trimmings, would center on five-year plans, managerialism, or the collective exploitation of the soil; the American's would extol the cult of success, the violence of competition with a sense of the rules of the game, and the reduction of every situation to technically soluble problems. Both are accustomed to the condition of dependent wage earners who have "lost the independence of the amateur or of the liberal professions." In both nations,

> the management of men is based on a science and a technique. Specialists in "re-writing," in advertising and publicity, in electoral propaganda, in psycho-technology, teach how to speak, to write and to organize labor in a way that will make their fellowmen either satisfied or indignant, passive or violent, according to the needs of the hour. The psychology which serves as a basis for their work . . . encourages the treatment of men as mass beings with calculable reactions, rather than as persons, each one unique and irreplaceable.
>
> The suppression of culture by technology embitters a certain portion of the intelligentsia and gives them a feeling of isolation. Strict specialization evokes a longing for a different order, in which the intellectual would become integrated, not in the capacity of a wage-earner into a commercial undertaking, but in the capacity of a thinker into a humane collectivity.

In this post-sputnik period of slanting the national life toward the unattainable goal of permanent-blue-ribbon-winner in military technology, the longing of which Aron writes will unfortunately recede even further from realization. The real opium of the present day is the Myth of Invincible Technology.

# People Are No Good

*THE SORROWS OF PRIAPUS.* By Edward Dahlberg. New Directions. 119 pp. $6.50.

***Jack Jones***

EDWARD DAHLBERG is one of the leading contemporary representatives of a literary current at least as old as Romanticism—rejection of the changes in human sensibility and its environment brought about by rationalist civilization. "Man is at the nadir of his strength when the earth, the seas, the mountains are not in him, for without them his soul is unsourced, and he has no images by which to abide." Such concepts of the biopsychic rootlessness of modern man and his omnivorous but hollow socio-economic images have long since spread from art and literature into contemporary intellectual discussion (*The Organization Man, The Power Elite, The Lonely Crowd* are only the better known examples).

Mr. Dahlberg's style and method of attack are unique. His style might be described as surrealist King James. If you can imagine what might be Jeremiah's probable assessment of current world politics, or Isaiah's reaction when confronted by a TV set, you will have a very serviceable notion of Mr. Dahlberg's work. Whereas in *A Flea of Sodom*, still perhaps his most successful book, the emphasis was upon a denunciation of modern Sodom, in *The Sorrows of Priapus* Mr. Dahlberg is mainly occupied with comparing the animal and vegetable world favorably to the one made by man. "It is obvious that we must imitate the habits of many quadrupeds if we are to be gentler." This more "positive" approach has perhaps inevitably meant a certain slackening in dramatic and artistic tension.

THE BOOK is quite impossible to classify, being in part natural history, in part fable, and in part an essay in ecological morality. ("There is as much to be learned from a plover, sheldrake or an eider as from Socrates or the *Laws* of Plato. What is man that he should imagine he is more than a goose? Democritus of Abdera babbled as much as any duck.") In form the book is rather diffuse. There are two parts: the first, which provides the general title for the book, is oddly enough an incitement to something resembling continence. ("It is better to try to be continent and fail than to be an epicure.") In order to avoid possible misunderstanding, I must hasten to add that this advice is accompanied by a liberal amount of odd or uproarious information upon human and mythological venery. It becomes clear that Mr. Dahlberg is inveighing not so much against incontinence, or even epicurianism, as against sex empiricism in the absence of faith or value. In the second part of the *Sorrows* he quite changes his focus and evocatively gathers together some myths and fables of Indian America before the European invasion.

Although this is a variously amusing, informative and poetic book, its structure is not completely effective. Mr. Dahlberg is a master stylist and possesses a fine and original sensibility; but he has not yet, in my opinion, discovered that artistic form or drama capable of organizing the other aspects of his work into the more powerful composition you feel to be potentially there.

The book is beautifully made and has forty-two attractive drawings by Ben Shahn—who, like Mr. Dahlberg, does not employ the fig leaf to excess.

*JACK JONES is a free-lance writer whose critical essays have appeared in* The Cambridge Review, Discovery, New Directions *anthologies and elsewhere.*


FREE WRITER'S MARKET LIST

*If you're interested in writing fiction or articles for leading magazines or book publishers, Daniel S. Mead, the prominent literary agent, has prepared a catalogue of markets which is a "must" item.*

*It's a complete list of magazine and book publishers for aspiring authors, with addresses and telephone numbers. Tells you where to send your manuscript. For your free copy of this valuable reference aid, write to:*

DANIEL S. MEAD, Dept. N-13
419 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

SPEAK UP!

Give your speaking and reading a conversational approach, more warmth and impact! Dynamic recorded (33-1/3 rpm) speech improvement course used by over 1000 schools. No text material! $19.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Free brochure. **Sonant Corp., Dept. 5, P. O. Box 2807, Hollywood 28, Calif.**

AUTHORS WANTED BY N. Y. PUBLISHER

**New York, N. Y.—One of the nation's largest book publishers is seeking manuscripts of all types—fiction, non-fiction, poetry. Special attention to new writers. If your work is ready for publication, send for booklet No. 103—It's free. Vantage Press, Inc., 120 West 31st Street, New York 1, New York.**

Your Book Published!

Our famous plan has launched 700 authors. We edit, publish, advertise, distribute. Send manuscript for free report or write for Brochure N.
**PAGEANT PRESS, 101 5th AVE., NEW YORK 3**





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FILMS

## *Robert Hatch*

ONE OF the dubious habits a reviewer can fall into is that of tearing hell out of a picture which thoroughly entertained him while he was watching it. This is mean-spirited but not as hypocritical as it may seem. A good movie team can teach mass psychology to an Indian fakir, and the reviewer is not much less gullible than the rest of the audience. Unlike the rest of the audience, however, he has to think about the show after he has gone home. That's when he may discover that he has been led a merry chase and, red with indignation, begin to pound his typewriter. I don't see how this can be avoided, but I resolve that hereafter when a picture has amused or excited me I shall say so before carving it up.

*The Bridge on the River Kwai* amused and excited me. Its enormous jungle setting, its spectaculuar feats, its deadpan heroism offer irresistible and, I should think, almost universal entertainment. And yet, on second thought, it is a very odd story.

Take, for a start, the personality of the villain. The Japanese commandant of a prison camp deep in Burma (Sessue Hayakawa) is described by the older inhabitants as a sadistic and homicidal brute, and they can point to a considerable graveyard to back their opinion. Yet when Major Alec Guinness shows up and decides to make a stand on the letter of the Hague Convention the terrible Hayakawa turns as sheepish as a high school valedictorian. I got a kick out of watching Guinness sass the beast of Burma, but it strikes me now as a good deal less than plausible.

Then there is the bridge itself. The Japanese are using prisoners to construct it and the men sabotage the job, as they certainly should. But Major Guinness feels that gold-bricking is bad for morale and, once he has beaten the commandant on the principle that British officers cannot be ordered to perform manual labor, he organizes his expert staff and throws up an elegant twin-cantilever span in record time. Only the battalion medical officer asks whether the major's enthusiasm for discipline is leading him into uncomfortable collaboration with the enemy, and he is cut down by the famous Guinness sniff. Even when the cripples are bullied out of hospital to make the job go faster, no one notices that poor old Guinness has slipped his pulley, and when the job is finished officers and men celebrate with an evening of jollification. It's a rum business.

Meanwhile, three saboteurs led by Jack Hawkins are beating their way through leach-infested swamps toward that fancy piece of engineering on the Kwai. This intrepid trio is supported by a baggage train of a dozen or so Burmese maidens recruited in a remote jungle village. Not knowing Burma, I was astonished by the delicate beauty of these girl porters. Not only are they lovely of face and figure but they wear a uniform of well-cut sarong and lampshade bonnet with Parisian dash and contempt for the cosmetic hazards of a tropical rain forest. Having been for some time deprived of male company by the Japanese manpower draft, they are soon on excellent terms with their employers. The lingering, yearning caresses with which they apply camouflage grease-paint to their heroes' flanks is a tropical daydream of very high voltage. It takes good men to fight under these conditions and my hat is off to Hawkins' commandos. Also to David Lean, a director who serves the very best hokum.

THE affair on the Kwai is only one of a batch of military pictures now dominating the big Broadway theatres. I was dodging bullets from both World Wars for the whole holiday fortnight, the screams of dying men mixing in my ears with "Deck the Halls."

Humphrey Cobb's only novel, *Paths of Glory*, was published in 1935. Working from fact, Cobb told how an entire French regiment was found guilty of cowardice for not capturing a German fortification it should never have attempted to attack, and how three men were chosen at random and executed as examples, to cover the high command's fatal miscalculation.

The movie rights to the book were sold within a few months of publication and Hollywood's diplomats began to study how a picture could be made that would not offend the French general staff. There was talk of transferring the story to the Russian Imperial army, which no longer existed to protest, but this evasion was dropped. It would have been a dramatic error, for the shock of the story sprang in considerable part from the fact that the brutal affair took place in the army of our close and gallant ally. With the outbreak of World War II, Cobb himself deplored *Paths of Glory* as being pacifist, and when that war was over there was a new encyclopedia of experience on which to base combat pictures.

But now Kirk Douglas has produced the picture and himself plays the humane Colonel Dax (in fact, he has telescoped a couple of characters to give himself the dominant position). This venture called for some daring, though the French army has suffered so many blows to its prestige in the past twenty years that it is unlikely to make a very effective protest against the reviving of this old scandal. The odd thing, however, is that the picture offers nothing like the impact of the novel, even on re-reading today.

It is not only time and our habituation to horror that have weakened the effect; the picture is a coarse-grained version of the story and the emphasis has been shifted. Cobb was a savage man, but he wrote a quiet and beautifully precise prose; his weapons were irony and the bald statement of appalling facts. More than that, his passion was spent at least as much on affection for the men as on hatred of the generals. His villains were somewhat remote, they were military authority and their wickedness was the essence of war.

But where Cobb wrote with cold accuracy, the movie script bellows and beats its head on the wall. The men have been reduced to pawns and the generals, given added plot material, have been made into cynical manipulators. The story becomes a melodrama of specific evil, not a tragedy of evil itself.

Also, Adolphe Menjou and George Macready, and their almost-hysterical opponent, Kirk Douglas, look very much like American actors in French uniforms. It is stock villainy, just as the great battle scene is a stock spectacle.

THE ENEMY BELOW somewhat resembles the recently popular game of "Battleship," played however with real ships and real sailors. Captain Robert Mitchum, up on top in a destroyer, hunts, and is hunted by, Captain Curt Jurgens, down below in a U-boat. Each captain soon recognizes, and admires, the foxiness of the other. Indeed, the German, who hates Hitler and deplores the mechanical efficiency of modern war, quite recovers his martial zest in this duel with a worthy opponent. In the end, the ships destroy each other and the two captains come face to face in manly fellowship.

This picture enjoys all the exciting trimmings implied by the fact that the U. S. Navy provided equipment and technical advice. It is nevertheless an old and hackneyed piece of emotional non-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sense. But if there are people around who still think that war is the sport of heroes, it is unlikely that I can correct their view (or even attract their attention) by jumping up and down in the columns of this magazine.

ANOTHER sea adventure is the British-made *Pursuit of the Graf Spee*. I suspect that this is a conscientious re-enactment, with the unfortunate result that the battle action takes place at very long range and that the dramatic pattern is a rising anticlimax. It should have been possible to stage the battle between the German raider and the three British vessels so that you could at least tell who was firing on whom, but once the Spee takes haven in Montevideo harbor the story is done for. The atmosphere on the British warships, where discipline and skill are so perfect as to seem casual, is attractive. The British movie people like it so much that they run the Graf Spee under the same light rein.

THE RANK ORGANIZATION'S presentation of a program by The Bolshoi Ballet is a responsible and skillful recording of a stage occasion. It probably comes as close as the screen can to duplicating the experience of being in a theatre (in this case Covent Garden). It employs a moving camera (more accurately, a set of cameras) and thereby controls the viewer's shift of vision. But a single camera set to cover the whole stage would be equivalent to a rather distant seat in the theatre, and the cameramen have shot their closer fragments with unobtrusive tact.

The performance thus recorded is brilliant and strange. The Bolshoi Ballet looks fabulously wealthy by Western dance standards. The principals show a breath-taking virtuosity, the corps is perfectly disciplined, the costumes are lavish, the sets are intricate and extravagant, the taste is not ours but it is not necessarily bad.

What makes the performance disconcerting is that it is a living museum. The Russians today, if this picture is a reliable demonstration, look on ballet as they do on the palaces of the Czars—monuments of an aristocratic past that may now be enjoyed by the populace. The directors of this company present choreography under glass — Tartar Dance, Spanish Dance, Rachmaninoff and Glinka—all just as it was when Nicholas sat in the imperial box. Though I doubt that it was just like this at its peak. The Russian ballet was shaped by the taste of Italian and French masters; the feel of this company is heavier, more muscular, coarser in the texture of its pantomime and dance patterns than such a heritage should produce. It feels more German than Latin. In any case, the Russians are paying sumptuous honor to a dead art, whereas in the West the art is still brilliantly alive.

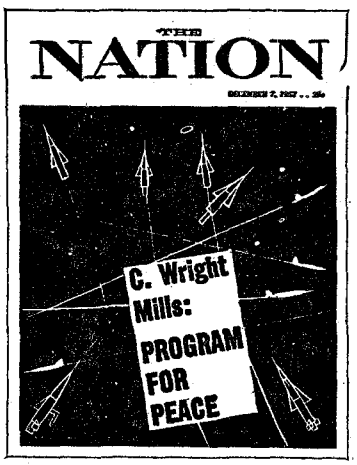
There is one exception to this in the film—the two-act *Giselle* danced by Galina Ulanova. The impulse is still historical, but here the document is one of the transcending masterworks of ballet and the whole company, led by its still breath-takingly beautiful ballerina, seems uplifted by the occasion.

# RECORDS

## *Lester Trimble*

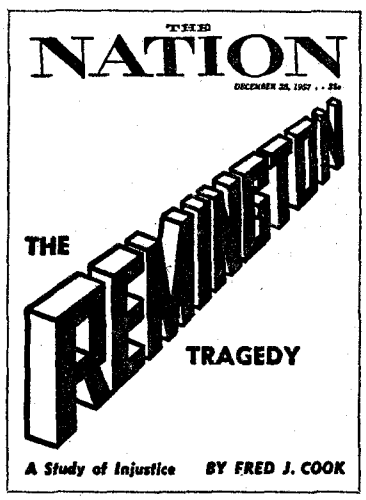
THE MUSIC of Bela Bartok has passed through several stages of absorption since 1945, when the composer died. First, and right after his death, a scurry of performances took place. Then there were recordings, which spread the word quickly and far. The general public, suddenly made aware of this music, surprised rear-guard musicians and many a


**Important Reading Can Also Be Good Reading**




Reprints are now available of C. Wright Mills's exciting Program for Peace. Ideal for stirring up much-needed discussions in club, classroom and living room on the most important problem of our time.

Extra copies of the special issue on The Remington Case, by Fred J. Cook, can still be purchased. Those who read Mr. Cook on the Hiss trial will not want to miss this fascinating account of an equally fascinating—and disturbing—case.




**Fill Out This Order Form**

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y.

I enclose $..... for..... reprints of Program for Peace by C. Wright Mills.

☐ 100, $10 ☐ 500, $40 ☐ 1,000, $70 ☐ 5,000, $250

I enclose $..... for..... the special issue containing The Remington Tragedy, by Fred J. Cook.

☐ 10, $1.25 ☐ 50, $5.00 ☐ 100, $8.75 ☐ 500, $37.50

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

(Payment must accompany order.) 1-11-58




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-blinded, but influential, Stravinsky-ite, by liking it. Young composers began to show a Bartok influence; and, as the spiral twirled upward, many more recordings were made. Until recently, however, I have not often felt that Bartok's music was being thoroughly apprehended and digested by its executants. Numerous records have been made of the *String Quartets* and of the *Concerto for Orchestra*, but few of them have had the settled-in feeling, the sense of full-bodiedness, of glow and animation from within, which the music requires. Now, almost simultaneously, Westminster and Decca improve this situation by putting out brilliant new issues of the six *String Quartets*, played by the Parennin Quartet (Westminster XWN 18531-3), and of the *Concerto*, performed by Ferenc Fricsay and the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra (Decca DL-9951). Musically, and in terms of recording technique, they are among the most exemplary discs I know.

The virtues of the *String Quartet* recording are the direct product of the Parennin ensemble's special musical personality. Primarily, this group is warm; secondarily, it is intelligent and sensitive. Each member of the ensemble produces a tone which has amplitude, without excess poundage; authentic, rosin-rubbed edginess, without scratch or acerbity; a tone that blends thoroughly into the group sound while retaining its own independence. Melodies, such as the affecting one which begins the *Second String Quartet*, are thus given an added dimension of suffused emotional fervor, while the massed harmonies found in countless places throughout the *Quartet* are made to clump together and pulsate with the full vigor of their dissonance, and yet without wracking the nerves. In purely expressive terms, these musicians seem to have made the works as much their comfortable companions as the Beethoven or Brahms quartets might be. In subtle group flexibilities, in the minuscule swells and momentary retreats which are made to take place in the course of a melody or even within passages of fiendish rhythmic and textural complexity, the ensemble shows a consistent sense of internal awareness, and of speaking directly from the source. These qualities are intangible and certainly difficult to describe. But they are the crux of any performance.

As for the *Concerto*, I challenge any admirer of the work to remain unmoved by this recording. Perhaps Fricsay's special success is due to the fact that he is Hungarian; perhaps because he studied with Bartok; perhaps because he has created in the Berlin Radio Symphony (formerly the RIAS—Radio in the American Sector) Orchestra an instrument as excellent as any in the world. When I heard it at the Paris International Music Festival, some seven or eight years ago, I was disturbed by its almost inhuman perfection, by a slickness which I fearfully suspected was a Nazi hangover. Now the slickness is gone; the tone and perfection of ensemble seem eminently humane. And the conductor, with an insight that makes Bartok's little, jaunty tunes both doubly playful and doubly poignant, his sober moments almost unbearably touching, shows the true color and perspective of this music.

The already long list of Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* recordings has been lengthened by the addition of Decca DL-9942, coupling Mozart's *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and a Vanguard "demonstration" record SRV-106, coupling Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*. Both are highly acceptable, though not earth-shaking readings. Decca's, with Karl Böhm and the Berlin Philharmonic, is the more elevated. Böhm's Beethoven has a solid, rather grand sound; his Mozart is less frivolous than one is used to hearing it, and consequently more interesting. Felix Prohaska, who conducts the Vienna State Opera Orchestra for the other recordings, has a lighter, more vivacious touch, and this has its own attractions. The Vienna orchestra does not seem as well rehearsed as the Berlin, but the bright sound of the Vanguard engineering offers compensatory values.

On another Decca recording (DL-9933) Böhm conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in Brahms's *Second Symphony*. Here his ever-present leaning toward heaviness and academicism overcomes him, and in order to make contrapuntal textures clear he often slows tempi to the stagnating point. Indeed, he frequently favors slow tempi without apparent reason, as in the second movement, which is marked *adagio non troppo* but clocks on my metronome, in his reading, between *largo* and *grave*.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau sings splendidly on Decca DL-9935 in *A Schumann Song Recital* and on Angel 33474 in a group of Hugo Wolf *Lieder*. Here, I must say, is a voice that lives up to its publicity, and good baritone lieder singers are a rarity. For some reason, perhaps because of his youth and directness of vigor, Fischer-Dieskau is more convincing in the Schumann songs. But his singing of Wolf is overshadowed by no one save Irmgaard Seefried, whom he frequently resembles in style, and whose recording of Wolf songs *Aus dem Italienischen Liederbuch* (Decca DL-9743) still stands in my memory as one of the most perfect of all time.

Of older music, *I Solisti di Zagreb*, a virtuoso string ensemble, has made two really delightful recordings for the Vanguard Bach Guild: Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons* (BG-564) and an assortment of works that includes Corelli's *Christmas Concerto*, Torelli's *Pastoral Concerto for the Nativity*, Haydn's *Toy Symphony* and three Bach *Chorale Preludes* arranged for strings (BG-569). The second disc is called *An 18th Century Christmas*, but this is an arbitrary limitation for sales appeal. I recommend them both. The arrangements of the Bach works are amateurish and bumbling, but they are the only blemishes on either disc.

Period has also recorded *The Four Seasons*, coupled with Vivaldi's *Concerto for Two Trumpets and Orchestra* in E flat. Their performance by Roland Douatte and the Collegium Musicum of Paris cannot compare with that of the Zagreb group, however, and the *Concerto for Two Trumpets*, while charming, is not one of Vivaldi's best pieces. The album, with no justification that I can think of, dispenses with program annotations in favor of advertising, and lists the record number on the front as SPL-309 and on the back as SHO-309.


MEETINGS

TWO LECTURES
Topic: AMERICAN SOCIALISM: Retrospect and Prospect
Speaker: Max Shachtman, Nat. Chm., Independent Socialist League
FRIDAYS — JAN. 17, 24 — 8:30 P.M.
114 West 14 Street

RESORT

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE
Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.
FOREST HOUSE
Lake Mahopac, N.Y. • Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

PERSONALS

Camp Counselors
Married or single man and woman—21 to 30 years, very small co-ed Maine camp specializing in bright emotionally disturbed children. Box 446, c/o The Nation.

SECRETARY—Experienced, capable, mature woman. Conscientious, adaptable, pleasing personality. Excellent personal and business references. Box 447, c/o The Nation.

ELECTRIC BLANKET—Top Rated. Unconditional 2 year guarantee. $29.95 value—SPECIAL $17.95. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N. Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

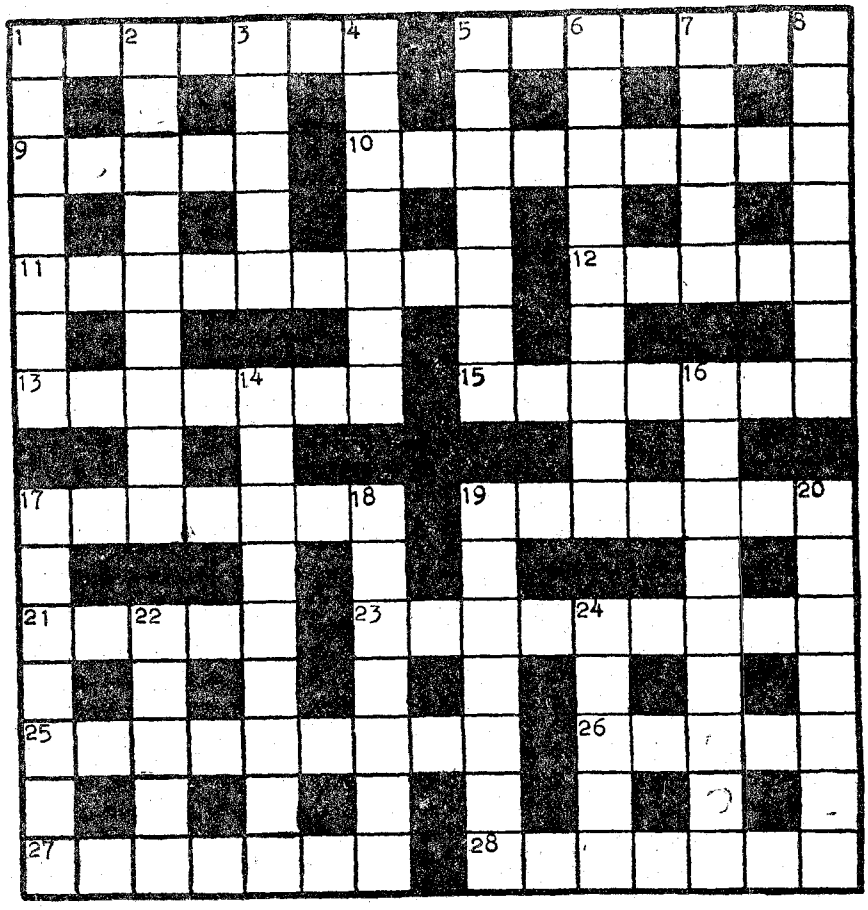
BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven N. Williams, Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Crossword Puzzle No. 754

## By FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS:

1, 26, 6 down, 21, 23, 27, and 7 down Favorite selection of the Silver Band? (7, 3, 2, 1, 4, 4, 5, 2, 2, 2, 3, 1, 6, 2, 3)
5 Indicates it's about time to get things cast. (7)
9 Gazes askance. (5)
10 This could make an unkempt beard seem even more so! (9)
11 Stoic. (9)
12 Such ancient townships might be 10, but not bare. (5)
13 Shelf on board strong vehicles. (7)
15 Wrecked car, sent into other states with inability to function. (7)
17 Sailors have the luck of the Irish, but it's all bad! (7)
19 I and a headless 15 might be a deadly combination. (7)
21 and 23 See 1 across
25 Not grades of fish, obviously. (9)
26 and 27 See 1 across
28 Something we might cross to cut off? (7)

### DOWN:

1 Such horses sound like a team! (7)
2 Only a generous valet service would give a guarantee against forced accounting. (4, 5)
3 Rises to look around as going down lessens the pressure. (5)
4 They stick out like a lump on storage boxes. (7)
5 Broken cups, set by the butler, proverbially. (7)
6 and 7 See 1 across
8 They show no sign of hesitation in disasters, though badly shaken. (7)
14 Surtout, perhaps. (9)
16 You might confuse it once, and get held. (9)
17 Bow when the subject of opera comes up! A simple place for it! (7)
18 When dusty, renew half of it with a plastic ingredient. (7)
19 There's no saying where this is concerned, and little understanding! (7)
20 If you keep this, you could have beat. (7)
22 Time to muse, obviously! (5)
24 Greek run, at least, but not a marathon. (5)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 753

ACROSS: 1 AMERICAN GOTHIC; 9 ICEBERG; 10 and 22 down NEUTRAL SHADE; 11 MODIFY; 12 PROTRACT; 14 DEBASES; 15 ASSET; 17 CASTE; 19 RETIRED; 21 CAMISOLE; 25 OUR GANG; 26 TROUNCE; 27 DISENCHANTMENT. DOWN: 1 AXIOMATIC; 2 EMENDED; 3 INEFFABLE; 4 ALGA; 5 GENEROSITY; 6 TRUST; 7 INROADS; 8 FLAT; 13 ASTROLOGIC; 15 ARROWROOT; 16 TRANSIENT; 18 and 23 SAMURAI SWORDS; 20 DERANGE; 21 CROP; 24 STOA.


PUBLICATIONS

**COMPLETE correspondence of Roosevelt, Truman, Churchill and Attlee with Stalin, 1941-1945!** Sensational secret documents just released by the Soviet Foreign Ministry. **Prepublication price: $4.95** (2 volumes, 600 pages, clothbound). Separately: **Roosevelt-Truman with Stalin, $2.95; Churchill-Attlee with Stalin, $2.95.** Order from **Council Book Dept., Suite 403, 189 W. Madison Street, Chicago 2, Ill.**

**BOOK BARGAINS: F.D.R.: A PICTORIAL BIOGRAPHY** edited by Stefan Lorant, sale price $1.95 reduced from $3.95; **HERBLOCK'S HERE AND NOW**, $1.25 reduced from $2.95; **THE LOYALTY OF FREE MEN** by Alan Barth, $1.25 reduced from $3.00; **HAROLD ICKES DIARY: THE FIRST THOUSAND DAYS**, $1.50 reduced from $6.00; **INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC SCIENCE** by George Soule, $1.25 reduced from $2.50; **FREEDOM OF THE PRESS** by William L. Chenery, $1.75 reduced from $3.75. All books are new, cloth bound, and sent postpaid. Catalogs issued. **University Book Service, 208 East Patterson Ave., Columbus 2, Ohio.**

RECORDINGS

**SAVE ON ALL LP's**

- Factory Fresh
- Including hard to get items
- Fast Service • Careful Packing

*Write for free catalog*

**DISCOUNT RECORD SERVICE**
**Box 175, Radio City Sta., N. Y. 19**

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS

**Complete Personality Analysis from Your Handwriting**
**Fee $5.00**
**ALFRED KANFER**
**62 Leroy St., New York 14, N. Y.**
Endorsed by scientific authorities, hospitals, insurance companies, colleges, psych. journals.
Recipient of research grants.

**Service for Our Readers from Our Readers' Service**

If there's any book you want to buy—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**
**Miss O. Le Pach**
**Readers Service Department**
**333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.**




Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Will Your Next Vacation Really Be Something to Remember?

The surest way to guarantee a new, different, and exciting vacation is to learn the hundreds of things you can do and the places you can visit *on the money you want to spend.*

Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globetrotters Club, tells you that in his book, *Where to Vacation on a Shoestring.* This is the man who has spent a lifetime searching for the ways to get more for your money in vacations and travel.

*In his big book, you learn*

—about low-cost summer paradises, farm vacations, vacations on far-off islands, on boats drifting down lazy streams while you fish.

—about vacations at world-famous beaches, under palm and eucalyptus trees, in government-subsidized vacation resorts, in Indian country, along rugged coastlines, on ships and by rail.

—about dude ranches you can afford; what to see, do and how to save at national parks and in the cities most Americans want to visit.

—about low-cost sailing ship cruises, houseboat vacations in the North Woods, fantastically low-cost mountain vacations, the unknown vacation wonderlands almost at your front door.

How to stop saying—

*"I Always Spend Too Much On My Vacation".*

Of course, Norman Ford knows where to get real vacation bargains in all America, from Maine to California, and in Canada, Mexico, etc. At no time does he ask you to spend a lot of money to enjoy yourself, no matter how really different and exciting is the vacation you choose through his experienced advice. Always, he tells you the many things you can do within your budget and how to get more for your money (if you travel by car, he shows how most auto parties can save $6 or $7 a day.)

You can't help but learn something that is just meant for you. Yet, *Where to Vacation on a Shoestring* costs only $1. To make sure your next vacation will be something to talk about, get the facts now. Use the coupon to order.

# 'Round the World on a Shoestring

If you know the seldom-advertised ways of reaching foreign countries, you don't need fantastic sums of money in order to travel. You could spend $500-$1000 on a one-way luxury steamer to Buenos Aires —but do you know you can travel all the way to Argentina through colorful Mexico, the Andes, Peru, etc. by bus and rail for just $132 in fares?

You can spend $5000 on a luxury cruise around the world. But do you know you can travel around the world via deluxe freighter for only a fourth of the cost—or via connecting steamer for $700—and that there are almost a dozen of other round the world routings for under $1000?

Do you know all about the really comfortable low cost routings to whatever part of the globe you're interested in? India, say, and how to reach it at the lowest cost via rail from Europe through France, Italy, Yougoslavia, Greece, Turkey, and the Middle East? Or how to see South America economically? Which air lines Americans living down there take to cut $30, $50, $75 off the top fare?

*There are two ways to travel—like a tourist, who spends a lot, or like a traveler, who knows all the ways to reach his destination economically, comfortably, and while seeing the most.*

Norman Ford's big new guide, *How to Travel Without Being Rich* gives you the traveler's picture of the world, showing you the lower cost, comfortable ways to practically any part of the world. Page after page reveals the ship, rail, bus, airplane and other routings that save you money and open the world to you.

What do you want to do? Explore the South Seas? This is the guide that tells you how to make one dollar do the work of two. Visit Mexico? This is the guide that tells you the low cost ways of reaching the sights (how 56c takes you via 8-passenger automobile as far as those not-in-the-know pay $5.60 to reach). Roam around South America? Europe? Any other part of the world? This is the guide that tells you where and how to go at prices you can really afford.

If you've ever wanted to travel, prove now, once and for all, that travel is within your reach. Send now for *How to Travel Without Being Rich.* It's a big book, with over 75,000 words, filled with facts, prices, and routings, and it's yours for only $1.50. Even one little hint can save you this sum several times over.

**Passenger-carrying**

# FREIGHTERS are the secret

**of low-cost travel**

Yes, for no more than you'd spend at a resort, you can take a never-to-be-forgotten cruise to Rio and Buenos Aires. Or through the West Indies or along the St. Lawrence River to French Canada. In fact, trips to almost everywhere are within your means.

And what accommodations you get; large rooms with beds (not bunks), probably a private bath, lots of good food and plenty of relaxation as you speed from port to port.

Depending upon how fast you want to go, a round the world cruise can be yours for as little as $250-$300 a month. And there are shorter trips. Fast, uncrowded voyages to England, France, the Mediterranean; two or three week vacations up and down the Pacific Coast or elsewhere. Name the port and the chances are you can find it listed in *Travel Routes Around the World.* This is the book that names the lines, tells where they go, how much they charge, briefly describes accommodations. Hundreds of thousands of travelers all over the world swear by it. Travel editors and travel writers say "To learn how to travel for as little as you'd spend at a resort get *Travel Routes Around the World.*"

It's yours for just $1, and the big 128-page 1958 edition includes practically every passenger-carrying service starting from or going to New York, Canada, New Orleans, the Pacific Coast, Mexico, South America, England, France, the Mediterranean, Africa, the Indies, Australia, the South Seas, Japan, Hawaii, etc. There's a whole section called "How to See the World at Low Cost," plus pages and pages of maps.

**A big $1 worth, especially as it can open the way to more travel than you ever thought possible. For your copy, simply fill out the coupon.**

# WHERE WILL YOU GO IN FLORIDA?

## IF YOU WANT A VACATION YOU CAN AFFORD

Florida needn't be expensive—not if you know just where to go for whatever you seek in Florida. And if there's any man who can give you the facts you want it's Norman Ford, founder of the world-famous Globe Trotters Club. Yes, Florida is his home whenever he isn't traveling!)

His big book, *Norman Ford's Florida,* tells you, first of all, road by road, mile by mile, everything you'll find in Florida, whether you're on vacation, or looking over job, business, real estate, or retirement prospects.

Always, he names the hotels, motels, and restaurants where you can stop for the best accommodations and meals at the price you want to pay. For that longer vacation, if you let Norman Ford guide you, you'll find a real "paradise"—just the spot which has everything you want.

*Of course, there's much more to this big book.*

## IF YOU WANT A JOB OR A HOME IN FLORIDA

Norman Ford tells you just where to head. His talks with hundreds of personnel managers, business men, real estate operators, state officials, etc., lets him pinpoint the towns you want to know about if you're going to Florida for a home, a job with a future, or a business of your own. If you've ever wanted to run a tourist court or own an orange grove, he tells you today's inside story of these popular investments.

## IF YOU WANT TO RETIRE ON A SMALL INCOME

Norman Ford tells you exactly where you can retire now on the money you've got, whether it's a little or a lot. (If you need a part-time or seasonal job to help out your income, he tells you where to pick up extra income.) Because Norman Ford always tells you where life in Florida is pleasantest on a small income, he can help you take life easy now.

Yes, no matter what you seek in Florida—whether you want to retire, vacation, get a job, buy a home, or start a business, *Norman Ford's Florida* gives you the facts you need to find exactly what you want. Yet this big book with plenty of maps and well over 100,000 words sells for only $2—only a fraction of the money you'd spend needlessly if you went to Florida blind.

For your copy fill out coupon below.

***Fill Out and Send at Once for Quick Delivery***

**Mail to HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 102 Prince St. Greenlawn (Long Island), New York**

I have enclosed $..... (cash, check or money order). Please send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Where to Vacation on a Shoestring. $1.
- ☐ Norman Ford's Florida. $2.
- ☐ How to Travel Without Being Rich. $1.50.
- ☐ Travel Routes Around the World. $1.

☐ *Special Offer: All books above for $5.*

*Print Name* .....

*Address* .....

***City, Zone and State*** .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED